CORAM CARDINALI

EDWARD BELLASIS

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CORAM CARDINALI

MANTELPIECE AND SOUTH WALL OF THE CARDINAL'S ROOM WITH PICTURE OF THE CAMALDOLI, ETC.

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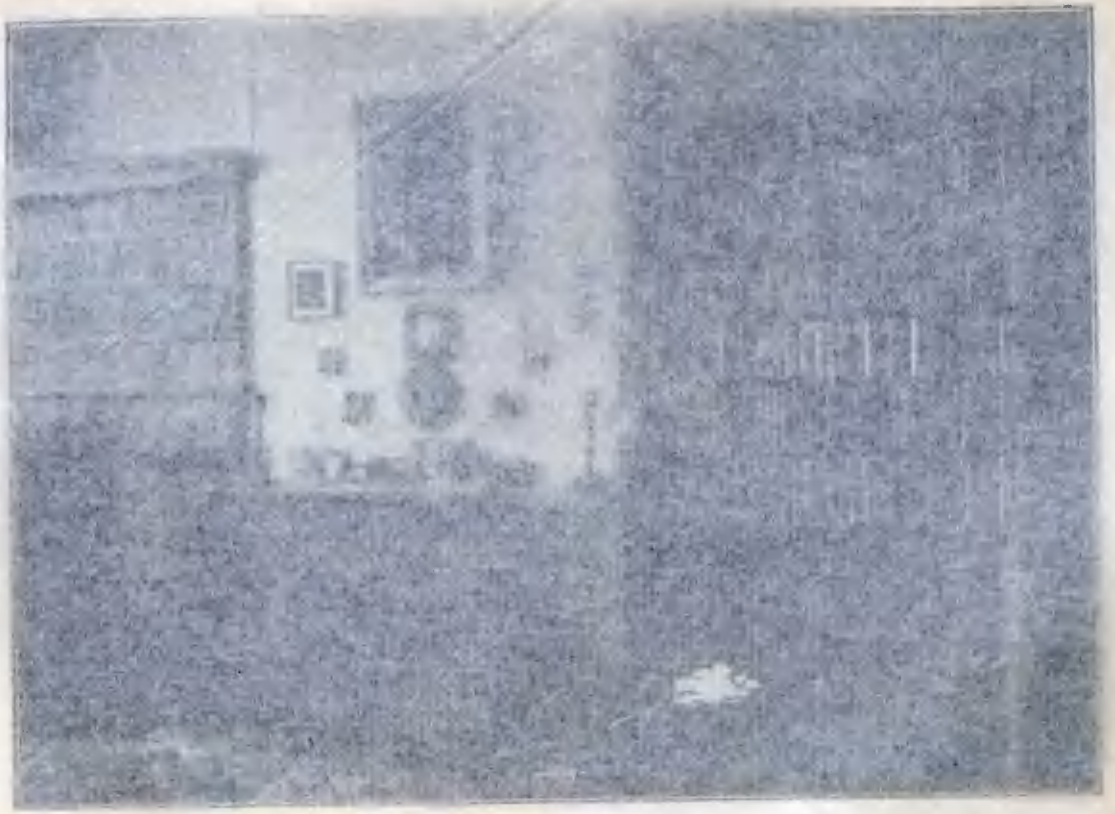
BY

EDWARD BELLASIS

THE OLD ORATORY CHURCH

Moral, love that Holy One
Or dwell for aye alone.
—AUBREY DE VERE

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1916



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PREFACE.

THE staple of the following articles, saving the last, appeared in the *Month* periodical, and are now re-issued, with permission, and with considerable additions. Two men of some mark in theology and history[1] were pleased to say of the first—the one, that it was "remarkably good and pleasant"; the other, "you show how music was a household word with him. . . . It is a good work on your part." A notion remains that, given the chance, *he* would have put into the basket, not the fair copy of his *Dream*, that never went there, but these and other writings about himself.

In the next paper, *Impressions of Heaven in Infancy and Age*, Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, and Dr. Newman's *Lead, kindly Light*; his *Two Worlds* and Waller's *Human Life* are credited with identic themes, summed up in *The Trance of Time*.

In the third paper, *Obiter Scripta*, a paper by a friend occurred to me, *On the Beginning of Things*. No deep subject this: it was on how to begin any paper, and ordinarily, "when a paper has an aim," the Cardinal

[1] Dr. H. I. D. Ryder, T. W. Allies.

wrote in January, 1877, "it has at once a beginning, a middle and an end". Yet how futile here for any "jottings" to have aims, still more, biasses and "axes to grind". *Obiter Scripta* can hardly be credited with any. In 1890, focussing what he has said in *St. Chrysostom*, his Eminence said, "biographers have to fall back upon their impressions"; a way of saying that he preferred autobiography.

In the fourth paper, *The Mediterranean Voyage* of 1832-33, its course, and comments therein, are outlined mainly in the "prose and rhyme" of the voyagers themselves.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN AS A MUSICIAN.

Music's ethereal fire was given
  Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
  And purge the dross away.

Come add a string to my assort of sounds,
Widen the compass of my harmony.

—J. H. N.

St. Philip, Cardinal Newman, and Dr. Channing on music—Not a substitute for education—Early violin playing—Provost Hawkins disapproves—Rogers, Jemima Newman, Blanco White, and R. A. Coffin at Beethoven—Newman "mobile" and "immobile" when playing—Polemic *v.* a tune—Dislike of mere display—Noticeable piano playing—R. Bellasis' progress—Beethoven first favourite—The giant at play and the gigantic nightingale—Beethoven's first *Credo* condemned by E. Caswall—J. B. Mozley deems Chopin a Manichean—The *Mount of Olives* at the Festival—The minor key "cuts me to the heart"—Three slow movements of Beethoven—Euripides' human element—Gounod and Berlioz make free with the sacred text—Gregorian an "inchoate" science—Cannot rule religion, a great Master may—Singers need seeing to—A conservative taste—*Elijah* Oratorio not liked—St. Philip and Oratorio—Evelyn hears "rare" music at the Vallicella in 1644—Fr. Eaton's notable *Book of Oratorios* in 1902—Oratorio at Rome in 1847—Modern Oratorio *v.* Divine Service—Gounod's *Redemption*—Wagner and Brahms at a discount—The latter a match for a lady's talk—An inopportune discussion—A quartet by Mendelssohn and a quintet by Schumann—Newman "overcome" by Cherubini's Requiem No. 1. His Mass in C—The *Misereres* in Rome—Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*—Terence and music—Early compositions and Newman's trios at Littlemore—Bellasis' *Haven* at Edgbaston—A diminished seventh—St. Magnus' march—Consecutive fifths—A sermon at an organ opening—Eight Oratorian organs—Newman's organists, Bennett and Elvey, at St. Clement's, Oxford—

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It is a remark of St. Philip Neri's latest biographer that, "Our Saint was profoundly convinced that there is in music and in song a mysterious and mighty power to stir the heart with high and noble emotion, and an especial fitness to raise it above sense to the love of heavenly things".[1] In like manner the saint's illustrious son, Cardinal Newman, has spoken of "the emotion which some gentle, peaceful strain excites us," and "how soul and body are rapt and carried away captive by the concord of musical sounds where the ear is open to their power";[2] how, too, "music is the expression of ideas greater and more profound than any in the visible world, ideas which centre, indeed, in Him whom Catholicism

[1] Cardinal Capecelatro's *Life of St. Philip Neri*, tr. Rev. Thomas Alder Pope, M.A., of the Oratory, ii. 83, 2nd ed. 78.

[2] *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, 297, 4th ed. 1871.

manifests, who is the seat of all beauty, order, and perfection whatever".[1]

> No mortal measure swells that mystic sound,
> No mortal minstrel breathes such tones around.[2]

Music to Cardinal Newman was no "mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day without meaning". For him man "sweeps the strings and they thrill with an ecstatic meaning".[3] Dr. Channing wrote to Blanco White: "You speak in your letter of the relief you have found in music. . . . I am no musician and want a good ear, and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It teaches chords, reaches depths in the soul, which lie beyond all other influences. . . . Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable."[4]

"Is it possible," the Cardinal asks, "that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some other higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home, or the voice of Angels, or the *Magnificat* of saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes, something are they besides themselves, which

[1] *Idea of a University*, disc. vi. 80, 6th ed. 1886.

[2] Solitude, *Verses*, I.

[3] *Oxford University Sermons*, 346, ed. 1884; disc. ix. 230.

[4] Thom's *Blanco White*, iii. 195.

we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man, and he, too, perhaps, not otherwise gifted above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."[1]

And with him, as with St. Philip, music held "a foremost place in his thoughts and plans".[2] True, out of its place, he will but allow that "stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle".[3] Music was no substitute for education, any more than a "Tamworth Reading Room"[4] the panacea for ill; but so long as an art did not tend to displace the serious business of life; should it become *Aids*

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, 346-7. Writing to her brother about the passage on music, partly cited above, beginning: "There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little! Out of what poor element does some great master in it create his new world!" Mrs. J. Mozley says: "We are pleased at your tribute to music, but what do you mean by fourteen notes? Do you mean the twelve semitones, as some suggest? I am indignant at the idea. I think you knew what you were saying. Please tell me when you write" (Mozley, *Corr.* ii. p. 411). He replies: "I had already been both amused and provoked to find my gross blunder about the 'fourteen'. But do not, pray, suppose I *doubled* the notes for semitones, though it looks very like it. The truth is I had a most stupid idea in my head that there were fifteen semitones, and I took off one for the octave. On reading it over when published, I saw the absurdity. I have a great dislike to publishing hot bread, and this is one proof of the inconvenience" (*ibid.*). The Second Edition has "thirteen notes," which is correct, if the octave be included, but later editions go back to "fourteen". An enharmonic alteration of two of the notes of the scale would bring the number up to fourteen, an "outfit" that sufficed Beethoven in the first movement of the Eroica Symphony. Palestrina would use fewer notes, Wagner more.

[2] Pope, *Capecelatro*, ii. 82, 2nd ed. 77.

[3] *Idea of a University*, disc. vi. 144; vii. 231, ed. 1852.

[4] See *Discussions and Arguments*, art. 5.

to Reflection, or *per contra*, profitably distract; in brief, if it helped a soul upon her journey, then welcome the "good and perfect gift". "Come, add a string to my assort of sounds," says verse of his own, and of a pupil's violin playing, the Cardinal wrote in September, 1865:—

"What pleased me especially in Richard was that the music had not interfered with his studies. I was very jealous of the chance of it. To my mind music is an important part of education, where boys have a turn for it. It is a great resource when they are thrown on the world—it is a social amusement perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point, employs their thoughts. Drawing does not do this. It is often a great point for a boy to escape from himself, and music enables him. He cannot be playing difficult passages on the violin and thinking of anything else. But still there are more important things, and I had some fear that he might be neglecting his proper studies. Now since he has not been, his music is all gain—and I may without reluctance say that he has made a good start in it."

His own start was as early as his pupil's. He said in September, 1875: "I began the violin when I was ten years old," and his two brothers Frank and Charles used to accompany him in trios, Frank playing "the bass". On going to Oxford he kept up his music. Thus in February, 1820: "Our music club at St. John's has been offered, and has accepted, the music-room, for our weekly private concerts"; and in June, 1820: "I was asked by a man yesterday to go to his rooms for a *little* music at seven o'clock. I went. An old Don . . . played bass, and through his enthusiasm I was kept playing quartets on a heavy tenor from seven to twelve. Oh, my poor eyes and head and back." He wrote in June, 1864: "I could find solace in music from week

to week's end . . . if I get a qualm of conscience . . . in penance for the violin, I suddenly may rush into work".

Again in July: ". . . I really think it will add to my power of working and the length of my life. I never wrote more than when I played the fiddle. I always sleep better after music. There must be some electric current passing from the strings through the fingers into the brain and down the spinal narrow. Perhaps thought is music."[1] Again in July, 1867, he wrote to Dean Church, who, with Lord Blachford, had given him one:—

"Your violin improves continually. . . . I make a noise without remonstrance from trees, grass, roses, or cabbages. . . ."[2]

When the news arrived of his success at Oriel he was practising on the strings.

"The Provost's butler—to whom it fell by usage to take the news to the fortunate candidate—made his way to Mr. Newman's lodgings in Broad Street, and found him playing the violin. This in itself disconcerted the messenger, who did not associate such an accomplishment with a candidateship for the Oriel Common-Room, but his perplexity was increased when on his delivering what may be considered to have been his usual form of speech on such occasions, that 'he had, he feared, disagreeable news to announce, viz. that Mr. Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel, and that his immediate presence was required there,' the person addressed . . . merely answered, 'Very well,' and went on fiddling. This led the man to ask whether, perhaps, he had not . . . gone to the wrong person,

[1] *Life*, ii. 75-6. Mozley, *Corr.* i. 52. Haydn and Mozart are mentioned here.

[2] *Life*, ii. 120.

to which Mr. Newman replied that it was all right. But, as may-be imagined, no sooner had the man left than he flung down his instrument, and dashed downstairs. . . ."[1] And again, "With a half-malicious intent of frightening them [his electors at Oriel], it was told them that Mr. Newman had for years belonged to a club of instrumental music, and had himself taken part in its public performances, a diversion, innocent, indeed in itself, but scarcely in keeping, or in sympathy with an intellectual Common-Room, or promising a satisfactory career to a nascent Fellow of Oriel."[2]

Provost Hawkins, at this time a Fellow, and ultimately succeeding Dr. Copleston, had no love for music, and rather despised such a thing as being "a sign of an effeminate (or frivolous) mind". He used one or other of these terms, or both. But whatever the *quidnuncs* thought, Mr. Newman "went on fiddling".

His pupil, Rogers, joined him herein, and wrote in January, 1843:—

"your sermons . . . and Beethoven are most satisfactory. I wish I could hope to join you in the last in any moderate time. However, I do expect you will take me to Rose Hill to hear some more of it again, if it were only to remind me of those evenings I used to spend with you when at Iffley. I am afraid you will have enough of my bass to satisfy you without Beethoven in the course of next term."

Mrs. J. Mozley, his sister, wrote in July, 1843: "Now I do so wish, John, that you would pay us a visit. I will practise hard to get up some Beethoven." Mr. Bowden also played the violoncello,[3] and Newman was further supported by one who was a musician, and a deal more besides. "Mr. Blanco White," he wrote,

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 71. [2] *Ibid.* i. 101, 104; Appendix, vii. 1.
[3] *Ibid.* ii. 22, 415.

in November, 1826, "plays the violin, and has an exquisite ear."[1] He said sadly in September, 1875: "I have only one sister alive now, and she is old, but plays Beethoven very well. She has an old-fashioned, energetic style of playing; but one person, I remember, played Beethoven as no one else, Blanco White. I don't know how he learned the violin, but he would seem to have inherited a tradition as to the method of playing him." Many years later he told Dean Church that Beethoven's Quartets were "more exquisite than ever—so that I was obliged to lay down the instrument and literally cry out with delight".

"Both Blanco White and Mr. Newman were violinists but with different instruments. Blanco White's was very small. . . . Poor gentleman! Night after night any one walking in the silence of Merton Lane might hear his continual attempts to surmount some little difficulty, returning to it again and again like Philomel to her vain regrets. [With this difference, that Philomel had not to learn her regrets; she knew them already.] With Reinagle . . . Newman and Blanco White had frequent (trios) at the latter's lodgings, where I was all the audience. . . . Most interesting was it to contrast Blanco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's sphinx-like immobility, as the latter drew long rich notes with a steady hand."[2]

"Both at Horspath and Oxford there was music . . . Quintets, in which Blanco White took a part, are often

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 146.

[2] *Life*, ii. 76. T. Mozley, *Reminiscences*, i. 247-8, 2nd ed. 1882. Of statements in this work the Cardinal humorously observed: "When a thing won't stand on three legs, Tom supplies a fourth". The "Father" played the viola a good deal, which is larger than the violin: hence Mr. Mozley's "different instruments".

mentioned." His second sister Jemima wrote him word in December, 1842: "I suppose you are able to make use of your violin now you are at Littlemore. I have been practising hard lately, and wish you could come that I might turn my practice to good account."[1]

Fr. Lockhart, too, says Fr. Newman played at Littlemore "exquisite sonatas of Beethoven,"[2] Fr. Coffin joining in. Fr. Whitty brought to Maryvale Mr. McCarthy and Mr. M'Quoin, young converts and then priests, the latter from Jersey. Since both played, a quartet was essayed, a rare event in the Community.[3]

Dr. Newman was still "bowing" forty years later, by which time the alleged "sphinx-like immobility" had made way for an ever-varying expression as strains alternated between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baise bag, bending forward, and holding his violin against his chest, instead of under the chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, in execution awkward yet vigorous, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would attend the Oratory School Sunday practices in the Fathers' Recreation Room or the School Music Room, now part of a gymnasium, between two and four of an afternoon, Dr. Ryder and Dr. Norris sometimes coming to play also. For many years Dr. Newman had given up the violin, but finding some of the school

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 210; ii. 405.

[2] *Paternoster Review*, September, 1890.

[3] Newman wrote from Littlemore in December, 1845: "We have just got a piano for Walker, and I have been tuning my violin," and Walker on the 10th: "Yesterday evening Newman and I had some delightful duets of Beethoven and Haydn".—*Life*, i. 109.

taking to it, he took it up again and by way of encouraging them to persevere in what he deemed so good a thing for boys. And he quietly inculcated a lesson in self-effacement, too, for albeit he had begun the violin so very long before our time, in 1811, he invariably took second fiddle.

On one occasion, between 1860-70, two Oratory boys went up to his room to make a complaint, and hearing only "fiddling" the other side of the door, made bold to enter, but their visit was ill-timed. "Every Englishman's house is his castle," was the greeting they got, and he "went on fiddling".

He had no high opinion of his own performances. Answering the Liverpool anti-Popery spouter's summons to battle, he relied rather on his friends' estimate of his powers than upon his own.

"Canon M'Neile's well-known talents as a finished orator would make such a public controversy an unfair trial of strength between them, because he was no orator. He had in fact no practice in public speaking. *His friends, however, told him* that he was no mean performer on the violin, and if he agreed to meet Canon M'Neile, he would only make one condition, that the Canon should open the meeting, and say all he had to say, after which he (Mr. Newman) would conclude with a tune on the violin. The public would then be able to judge which was the better man!"[1]

With mere fiddling, a fluency void of expression, he had little patience, and when, at a term "break-up," a youth's bow cleverly capered about on a violoncello, he uttered no compliment when the boy had concluded. It was only display for executive skill, without feeling.

[1] Fr. Lockhart in the *Paternoster Review*, September, 1890.

"Bateman: 'If you attempt more, it's like taxing a musical instrument beyond its powers'. Reding: 'You but try, Bateman, to make a bass play quadrilles, and you will see what is meant by taxing an instrument'. Bateman: 'Well, I have heard Lindley play all sorts of quick tunes on his bass, and most wonderful it is'. Reding: 'Wonderful is the right word, it is very wonderful. You say, "How can he manage it? It's very wonderful for a bass": but it is not pleasant in itself. In like manner, I have always felt a disgust when Mr. So-and-so comes forward to make his sweet flute bleat and bray like a haut-bois; it's forcing the poor thing to do what it was never made for."[1]

In the same mood, when a quartet of Schubert was played to him in March, 1878, the remark came: "Very harmonious and clever, but it does not touch the heart," —which Schubert usually does.

He wrote in October, 1834, of a lady "who plays most beautifully. I think I never heard such a touch—why, I cannot make out, for she has not long fingers to be brilliant. So you must set yourself to rival her. It would be interesting to *examine* the causes of expression, which you might easily do. *Strength* of finger is one thing certainly. This lady is not brilliant in the common sense—that is smart and rattling —but every note is so full-toned, so perfect, that one requires nothing beyond itself. This in Beethoven's effective passages produces a surprising effect. I accompanied her last night and am to do so again to-night."[2]

He wrote in September, 1865, about his pupil's progress with the violin:—

"He plays fluently, so to say; by fluency I mean in time, in tune, and with execution. This is stage one; stage two is eloquence, by which I mean grace, delicacy, and expression.

[1] *Loss and Gain*, 284. [2] Mozley, *Corr.* ii. 67.

To gain this nothing is better than to accompany his sisters. A boy who always is first fiddle is in danger of artistic faults parallel to those which are implied in the metaphorical sense of the words. When he comes back I think he has had enough of the music-master, and I shall try to make him turn his thoughts to a higher school of music than is suitable to a beginner, but I cannot tell whether he is old enough to take to it. I recollect how slow I was as a boy to like the school of music which afterwards so possessed me that I have come to think Haydn, in spite of his genius, almost vulgar."

And just as Blanco White would seem to have initiated Mr. Newman into the mysteries of Beethoven, so did Dr. Newman lead boys on "to swear" by that master. They might start with Corelli, and go on to Romberg, Haydn, and Mozart; their ultimate goal was Beethoven, and round would come "Father Superior" with his ancient copies of the quintet version of the celebrated septet, and arrangements from the symphonies; nor were the first ten quartets, the instrumental trios, the violin sonatas, and the overtures forgotten. The "Dutchman," with his force and depth, his tenderness and sweetness, was the Cardinal's prime favourite. "We were at the concert," Mrs. Newman wrote to him at school, "and fascinated with the Dutchman . . . and thought of you and your musical party frequently."[1]

"They tell me," he said in May, 1876, on occasion of hearing at the Latin Play the *scherzo* and *finale* of the Second Symphony, "that these first two symphonies of Beethoven are not in his style; to me they are Beethoven all over. There is no mistaking that *scherzo*." And again in October, 1877, after a rendering of the *allegretto* of the Eighth Symphony, on my observing

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 19.

that it was like the giant at play, he said : "It is curious you should say that. I used to call him the gigantic nightingale. He is like a great bird singing. My sister remembers my using the expression long ago." And although he betrayed a little doubt as to Beethoven's tone being essentially religious, he was unwilling to hear anything said against him because he liked him.[1]

Fr. Caswall distracted, while singing High Mass, with Beethoven's Mass in C, half-humorously vented his wrath at recreation time. "I think that's a damnable *Credo*," said he. "I rather liked it," was Newman's rejoinder. "More dramatic than reverent," had been the remark made him in September, 1882, by the then Warden of Keble, after the *Mount of Olives* at the Birmingham Festival. The Cardinal said little or nothing at the time, but his affection for Beethoven came out later. "When you come to Beethoven, I don't say anything about good taste, but he has such wonderful bits here and there." And in the department of *cadenza* and variation he deemed him without an equal.

In March, 1883, he observed that he missed the minor key in Palestrina, and on my adding that perhaps Mendelssohn had too much of it, he went on, "It cuts me to the heart that minor". So he liked the mixed mode to the Psalm, *In exitu Israel*, and was much affected by the slow movements in Beethoven's ninth Quartet and C minor Symphony, and the *Allegretto* of the Symphony in A.

[1] Canon Mozley said that Chopin was "certainly a Manichean : he did not believe in God : he believed in some spirit, not in God : while the moral grandeur of Beethoven's genius was always present to him, as, with less force, was also Mendelssohn's : they believed in God—their music showed it" (*Letters*, 353, ed. 1885).

> I cannot of that music rightly say,
> Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones,
> Oh, what a heart-subduing melody.[1]

There was just that human element about it, so "deeply pathetic," which in the same way made him prefer Euripides to Sophocles, for all the latter's "sweet composure, melodious fulness, majesty, and grace".

Reclining in his chair in the room looking north, as late as January, 1890, and *apropos* of a Greek play for the school, he expressed himself as keenly and eagerly as ever about the merits of Euripides, and at a loss to understand the critics invariably preferring Sophocles, and evidently placed Euripides and Æschylus first and second respectively. A true and natural feeling, whether displayed by the author of the *Bacchæ*, or the composer of *Fidelio*, almost atoned, in his estimation, for every deficiency.[2] Coleridge, in *Table Talk*, prefers Euripides.

Distrusting musicians' talent lest it run away with them, to the neglect of rubrics altogether, Dr. Newman, while loving some of the modern Church music, was sensitive over people setting to work upon liturgy. Of liberty taken we have examples in Gounod's *Mors et Vita* Oratorio, where *O felix culpa*, etc., is placed in the middle of the *Dies Irae*; he knew better. In his *Messe Solennelle*, too, *Domine, non sum dignus*, etc., figures as a solo in the *Agnus Dei*. Berlioz's Requiem gives us, prior to the *Tuba mirum*, the words, from the Creed, *Et iterum venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos.*

Of the Fine Arts aiming at being "principals," not "servants," he wrote: "Here lies the advantage, in an ecclesiastical point of view, of their rudimentary state . . . and of what is called Gregorian music, that these

[1] *Dream of Gerontius.* [2] *Essays*, i. 7, 5th ed.; *Month*, Sept. 1891.

inchoate sciences have so little innate vigour and life, that they are in no danger of going out of their place and giving the law to religion".[1]

And where he would appear to be depicting Beethoven's power, after alluding to "the marvellous development which musical science has undergone in the last century," Cardinal Newman continues: "Doubtless, here, too, the highest genius may be made subservient to religion," but "it is certain that religion must be alive and on the defensive, for if its servant sleep a potent enchantment will steal over it. . . . If, then, a great master in this mysterious science . . . throws himself on his own gifts, trusts its inspirations and absorbs himself in those thoughts which, though they come to him in the way of nature, belong to things above nature, it is obvious he will neglect everything else. Rising in his strength he will break through the trammels of words; he will scatter human voices, even the sweetest, to the winds; he will be borne upon nothing less than the fullest flood of sounds which art has enabled him to draw from mechanical contrivances; he will go forth as a giant, as far as ever his instruments can reach, starting from their secret depths fresh and fresh elements of beauty and grandeur as he goes, and pouring them together into still more marvellous and rapturous combinations; and well indeed, and lawfully, while he keeps to that line which is his own; but should

[1] *Lectures on the Scope and Nature of University Education, addressed to the Catholics of Ireland.* Dublin: Duffy, 1852, 112, the Lectures numbering ten, not as now nine, and with extensive notes, now left out, of much interest. One of his "five constructive books," —they were composed under pressure; the later editions, beyond omission, as of the above, and condensation, are yet notably the same.

he happen to be attracted, as he well may, by the sublimity, so congenial to him of the Catholic doctrine and ritual, should he engage in sacred themes, should he resolve by means of his art to do honour to the Mass, or the Divine Office (he cannot have a more pious, a better purpose, and religion will gracefully accept what he gracefully offers; but) is it not certain from the circumstances of the case, that he will be carried on rather to use religion than to minister to it, unless religion is strong on its own ground, and reminds him that if he would do honour to the highest of subjects, he must make himself its scholar, must humbly follow the thoughts given him, and must aim at the glory, not of his own gift, but of the Great Giver."[1] How entirely in accord with the Congregation of Rites, with the sentiments of every lover of true Church music. He treats Church music succinctly in a letter of 7 December, 1853: "The whole difficulty, I suppose, lies in this, that the most ecclesiastical music is the most difficult. Take Gregorian itself—give us some twenty strong Italian bass voices, and the rumble they produce will be really overpowering, and the only fault will be that it admits no change, but is the same through the 52 Sundays of the year. In like manner I have heard of Palestrina, not simply that his music is most difficult as music, requiring the most accurate performance, but that the voices for some parts simply cannot be found in England. [They were now essaying him at London.]

"It seems a paradox, but we are driven to Mozart & Co., because they are easier.

"I have not touched upon the main difficulty yet—

[1] *Idea of a University*, disc. iv. 80-1.

which you yourself mention. Singers will sing for effect and show—and since they know vastly more about their art than the Priest does, they will have their own way and succeed. . . . I think highly ornamental music, as the ordinary thing, tires, as the famous Banbury Cakes, which have no crust.

"What you propose yourself seems best—writers like Casali for common days, and Mozart or the like for great occasions. I say this on the supposition that Palestrina is impracticable. However, there is a Palestrina *style*, which I suppose is much easier, and may be the ordinary style. It would not do to attempt Palestrina unless he were really well done. Anyhow, whatever your music be, your Father Prefect must keep a tight hand over the singers."

He was slow to take to new-comers on the field of sacred music. And holding that no good work could be adequately adjudged without thorough knowledge of it, he was disinclined to be introduced to fresh musical names, on the bare chance of a casual acquaintanceship ripening into intimate friendship. He had in early days found time to comprehend certain masters, Corelli, Handel, Haydn, Romberg, Mozart, and Beethoven, but Schubert, Schumann, Wagner ("I cannot recollect all the fellows' names"[1]), who were these strangers, intruding somewhat late in the evening upon a dear old family party? Thus, writing of Mendelssohn's chief sacred work in March, 1871, which he had been reluctantly induced to go and listen to, and which he never got to hear again: "I was very much disappointed the one time that I heard the *Elijah*, not to meet with a beauti-

[1] *Discussions and Arguments*, 343, 4th ed.

ful melody from beginning to end. What can be more beautiful than Handel's, Mozart's, and Beethoven's melodies?" Now, of course, there is melody in the *Elijah*, though Mendelssohn's gift be less *copious* than Mozart's; but the fact was, Cardinal Newman never got to know the *Elijah*; deemed it long, and felt content to feed upon the musical *pabulum* so long found satisfying. And underlying the *gravamen* against Mendelssohn, I surmise, there existed a species of irritation with some of the modern Oratorio.[1]

"St. Philip was the founder of Oratorios," Dr. Newman wrote in 1857, "and St. Cecilia is a great Saint with us. We have a plenary indulgence on her day—and the Sacristy in the Oratorian Church at Rome is dedicated to her. Animuccia was a great friend of St. Philip . . . I think he attended him on his death-bed." Sung at the Oratory in the Saint's time, these *Praises* afforded elevating recreation. Given a good choir and orchestra, their development in Oratorio suits church better than hall—a congregation rather than an audience; the main difficulty may be getting as good executants. Musical selections, sung during the "Forty Hours," introduced from Italy by the Rosminians, foreshadow Fr. Eaton's notable *Book of Oratorios*, which is on the right lines. Here is seen not quite a service, nor

[1] I have it from Fr. Bowles that a Jesuit Father told a Mr. Okely that "one of our Fathers received Mendelssohn into the Church shortly before his death," and our informant thinks this reception took place in Switzerland. Moreover, he adds, that Fr. W. Maher, S.J., on one occasion, previous to Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* being done at Farm Street, during the "Forty Hours," addressed the Congregation: "Perhaps you would like to know that the author of the music we are about to hear died a Catholic". No corroboration is to hand hereon.

exactly a concert. Oratorio, it may be added, has not always been sacred, but such a character is its best defence. Fr. St. John wrote from Rome in January, 1847: "Sunday night we were at the Oratorio of the Philippines. There was a very fine musical and instrumental performance with little or nothing sacred about it, two short sermons, one by a child, and a few prayers at which most of a large audience were sitting." The *Book of Oratorios* has brief discourses. Sacred texts are set from Di Lasso to Elgar—varied spiritual *pasticcios*, now and again filling churches, and renewing part of St. Philip's Apostolate of "going about doing good". Musical illustration of Holy Writ in this way can be traced before his time, up to the twelfth century. The Oratorian tradition of sacred music in church—hence the word oratorio—was started in the sixteenth century by Animuccia, and continued by Palestrina, both chapel masters at the Chiesa Nuova—a tradition developing, consequently alive. The "rare music" Evelyn heard at the Vallicella at Christmas 1644-5 was accompanied; with the voices went "theorbos, harpsichords, and violins" —a tradition coming down the years. Florence gave it through the Florentine Animuccia. The Florentine Cherubini supports it. Both contribute to the *Book of Oratorios*. But still how about modern oratorio in the Cardinal's view? Was it not a kind of Protestant rejuvenescence of an eighteenth-century Biblical institution, quietly founded, without acknowledgment, on St. Philip's Catholic creation, and nowadays bidding fair to do duty at convenient intervals for proper religious worship with large numbers, alike of churchgoers and of people who never go to church? Better Oratorio here than nothing at all, and that may be conceded; but I have

an impression that the Cardinal looked jealously at the use of Scripture for general musical performances in concert-halls. He was a little put out, too, by librettists interlarding Holy Writ with their own "copy". Scripture was good, and Gounod's librettos, for example, might be good, but, together in literary collaboration, they were—well, not so good. While allowing that there was something of interest in the history of his *Redemption* Oratorio, insomuch as when first conceived Gounod had entertained thoughts of embracing the religious state, the Cardinal could hardly be induced to hear it, at its first production in Birmingham on the last day of August, 1882, nor be got to say anything about it by way of a compliment. "As the work of a man of genius, one does not like to criticize it," he let fall, and was rather troubled by its "March to Calvary," which he likened in private to "the bombardment of Alexandria". At the 1879 Festival, Wagner's *Supper of the Apostles* was to his ear "sound and fury," and Brahms' *Triumphlied* no better in 1882. I happened to be with him at the Friday morning performance on the 1st of September. A certain party came in late, and talked away behind us all through the G Minor Symphony of Mozart, whose "exuberant inventiveness"[1] excited our wonder. When the din of the *Triumphlied* came on, her voice was drowned, and the Cardinal whispered: "Brahms is a match for her".[2]

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, 346.

[2] She subsequently resumed talk, trying to draw him out about Ireland and Gounod, but in vain. It was nearly 3 p.m., as it was, ere this *morning* concert came to an end, yet a second lady, introduced by a noble lord, now appeared on the scene, and detained him upon questions relative to the state of the soul after death, what

He got to know fairly well Mendelssohn's canzonet quartet and Schumann's pianoforte quintet, Op. 44; but I recall no musical works heard by him for the first time in late life making any particular impression on him, with one notable exception—Cherubini's *First Requiem in C Minor*, done at the Festival, on the 29th of August, 1879. I was to have gone with him, but delayed instead, at Hawarden Flower Show, to hear Mr. Gladstone discourse on Scotch strawberries. Henry Bellasis wrote word next day: "The Father was quite overcome by it, and that is the fact. He kept on saying, 'beautiful, wonderful,' and such-like exclamations. At the *Mors stupebit* he was shaking his head in his solemn way, and muttering, 'beautiful, beautiful'. He admired the fugue *Quam olim* very much, but the part which struck him most by far, and which he spoke of afterwards as we drove home, is the ending of the *Agnus Dei*—he could not get over it—the lovely note C which keeps recurring as the 'requiem' approaches eternity." When it was done twice in its true home, the church, on the 2nd and 13th of November, 1886, he said, "It is magnificent music". "That is a beautiful Mass," adding with a touch of pathos, "but when you get as old as I am, it comes rather too home." A diary noted the service on All Souls' Day: "His Eminence was at the throne in his purple robes. I was in the gallery at the end of the nave, and the dim-lit Sanctuary (with the Cardinal's

St. Thomas had said, etc. Meanwhile sweepers, uninterested in this ill-timed discussion, were pursuing their avocation in the emptying hall, and stewards were set wondering as to when His Eminence would be released.

zucchetto the only bit of bright colour in the gloom), the sublime music, all had a most impressive effect."[1]

On the 1st of September, 1882, at the same Festival, he heard the same composer's Mass in C, and thought the fugue at the end of the Gloria, the part in the Offertory where the chorus enters in support of the soprano *solo*, and the conclusion of the Dona, "beautiful". It came as a relief after Brahms, not understood at a first hearing. And inability in general to grasp good music at once is seen in his Italian correspondence.

"This last week," he wrote from Rome in April, 1833, "we have heard the celebrated *Miserere*, or rather the two *Misereres*, for there are two compositions by Allegri and Bai, [and a third is now added, by Father Baini] so like each other that the performers themselves can hardly tell the difference between them. One is performed on the Thursday, and the other on Good Friday. The voices are certainly very surprising; there is no instrument to support them, but they have the art of continuing their notes so long and equally that the effect is as if an organ were playing, or rather an organ of violin strings, for the notes are clearer, more subtle and piercing, and more impassioned (so to say) than those of an organ. The music itself is doubtless very fine, as every one says, but I found myself unable to understand all parts of it. Here and there it was extremely fine, but it is impossible to understand such a composition on once or twice hearing. In its style it is more like Corelli's music than any other I know (though very different too). And this is not wonderful, as

[1] On the 13th of November, 1885, he heard in the church for the first time the Florentine's *Second Requiem in D Minor*, for male voices; and thought it beautiful and devotional, and in no way lacking in effect through the absence of *soprani* and *contralti* which he had not missed. He was most struck with the *piano* passage in canon beginning with the words *Solvet saeclum*.

Corelli was master of the Pope's Chapel, and so educated in the school of Allegri, Palestrina, and the rest. These are the only two services we have been to during the week."[1]

For good operatic music Cardinal Newman had, I believe, more of a liking than for the more modern Oratorio. Rossini, as a religious composer, was, I fear, in his bad books, yet when the choice had to be made at the 1879 Festival as to what performances he would attend, he first said, "I shall go once, and I choose *Mosé in Egitto*," for he was fond of operatic music, and heard very little of it. "However," he added to two Fathers, "there's no reason why you shouldn't go to all." Perhaps there was one reason against it; it would be expensive.[2]

The revised Latin play and music in conjunction, all

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 380. Corelli led the orchestra of the Roman Opera, and was a great friend of Cardinal Ottoboni. How different the *Tenebrae* music at St. Peter's could be from that of the Sixtine Chapel was seen by the three *Misereres* at the former being by Basili, Guglielmi, and Zingarelli, all composers of light opera (1893).

[2] There is an amusing notice of Rossini in the Anglican Letters of Mr. Newman. "Bowden tells me," he wrote in March, 1824, "that Sola, his sister's music-master, brought Rossini to dine in Grosvenor Place not long since; and that as far as they could judge (for he does not speak English) he is as unassuming and obliging a man as ever breathed. He seemed highly pleased with everything, and anxious to make himself agreeable. Labouring, indeed, under a severe cold, he did not sing, but accompanied two or three of his own songs in the most brilliant manner. . . . As he came in a private, not a professional way, Bowden called on him, and found him surrounded, in a low, dark room, by about eight or nine Italians, all talking as fast as possible, who, with the assistance of a great screaming macaw, and of Madame Rossini in a dirty gown and her hair in curl papers, made such a clamour that he was glad to escape as fast as he could" (Mozley, *Corr.* i. 83).

played by the boys themselves, were striking traditions of the Oratory School, and were institutions introduced by Dr. Newman there, and rooted in his affections from boyhood's associations. "Music was a family taste and pursuit," wrote Anne Mozley. "Mr. Newman, the Father, encouraged it in his children. In those early days they could get up performances among themselves, operatic or simply dramatic."[1] At Ealing School he took the parts of Davus in the *Andria*, Cyrus in the *Adelphi*, Cratinus in the *Phormio*, and Pythias in the *Eunuchus*, a varied repertory, the confidential family servant, the young man about town, the lawyer, and the maid of all work.[2]

We see not only plays, and then music, and lastly the two together, but original compositions, also, early engaging his attention. He wrote: "In the year 1812 I think I wrote a mock drama of some kind. . . . And at one time I wrote a dramatic piece in which Augustus comes on. Again, I wrote a burlesque opera in 1815, composing tunes for the songs."[3]

He wrote to his mother in March, 1821: "I am glad to be able to inform you that Signor Giovanni Enrico Neandrini has finished his first composition. The melody is light and airy, and is well supported by the harmony."[4] I may add that Mr. Newman, John Walker, and Mr. Bowles played together,

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 19.

[2] *The New Terence at Edgbaston*, 1880-1, and *The Money Jar at the Oratory School*, 1884, by E. Bellasis. London: Kegan Paul, 1885. At Corfu he wrote to his sister Harriett (herself a composer of an *Andante*) of a German lover of Weber "who has kindly undertaken to get me some Greek airs transcribed, which I mean to send you" (Mozley, *Corr.* i. 322).

[3] *Ibid.* i. 19.

[4] *Ibid.* i. 61.

at Littlemore, instrumental trios, written by the former, which, according to the latter, were "most pleasing". What has become of them? On my showing and getting sung to the Father, 2 May, 1869, a song to his words *The Haven*,[1] he pointed to the second chord, exclaiming, "Ah, a diminished seventh!" I had no notion what harm that might be, but two years later, in March, 1871, he let me know: "Every beginner deals in diminished sevenths. At least, I did as a boy. I first learnt the chord from the overture to *Zauberflöte*; and henceforth it figured with powerful effect in my compositions. You must try to make a melody. Without it you cannot compose. Perhaps, however, it is that which makes a musical genius." If, in fact, you have no ideas, go in, *con amore*, for the chord of the diminished seventh.

On receiving a march, written in 1873, he gently indicated faults while giving encouragement, and wrote in July: "It shows you are marching in your accomplishments. It is a very promising beginning. I waited till I had actually heard it, though I read it with interest as soon as it came. I thought Fr. Thomas [Pope] would have played it to me at once, but he found it too difficult —so I was abandoned to Mr. Joesbury who played it to me yesterday. On reading it, I thought I had found some grammatical faults, but perhaps more is discovered in the province of discords, concords, and coincidences of notes than when I was a boy.[2] I am sorry to see by the price that musical engraving is as dear as it was." And in September of the same year: "Thank you for your new edition of St. Magnus. On what occasion

[1] *Verses on Various Occasions*, xl. ed. 1888.

[2] It had an inaccurate presentment of one of the two themes, which might otherwise have passed muster.

did he march? I know bishops were warlike in the middle ages. However, whenever it was, his march is very popular here, and it went off with great *éclat*." Then he wrote to his correspondent in April, 1880, who talked about not being "skilled". "Why should you not qualify yourself to deserve the title of a 'skilled musician'? 'Skilled' is another word for 'grammatical' or 'scholarlike'."

When an Oratory organist in the early days was shown a hymn with tune and accompaniment, for insertion in the printed Book and composed by Dr. Newman, unaware of the authorship he corrected some of the chords. Father Superior asked why he had made the changes. The organist proceeded to advert to some consecutive fifths. "But," urged the Father, "Beethoven and others make use of them." "Ah," came the answer, "it's all very well for those great men to do as they like, but that don't make it right for ordinary folk to do as they like." So Dr. Newman learnt that, musically, he was only an "ordinary folk," and would have been the first to laugh down the notion that he was aught else; a modest estimate of self in many things was a characteristic; made him call his verse "ephemeral effusions" to Mr. Badeley, and write in May, 1885, *apropos* of a suggested uniform edition of his revised Latin plays, "I have not that confidence in my own performance to think I can compete with a classical Jesuit" (Fr. Jouvency). He is apologetic in the *Idea of a University*, when about to descant so eloquently upon music: "If I may speak of matters which seem to lie beyond my own province".[1] In 1828 he had contemplated writing an article on music

[1] *Idea of a University*, disc. iv. 80.

for the *London Review*, along with another on poetry. The latter, alas! in the event, alone saw the day; the former "seems to have remained an idea only".[1] In very early Oratory days at Edgbaston, he essayed some lectures on music to some of the community in the practice-room, and at the opening of the new organ in August, 1877, preached a beautiful discourse upon the event of the day; and on music, first as a great natural gift, then as an instrument in the hands of the Church; its special prominence in the history of St. Philip and the Oratory; the part played by music in the history of God's dealings with man from first to last, from the thunders of Mount Sinai to the trumpets of the Judgment; the mysterious and intimate connection with the unseen world established by music, as it were the unknown language of another state; its quasi-sacramental efficacy, e.g. in driving away the evil spirit in Saul and in bringing upon Eliseus the spirit of prophecy; the grand pre-eminence of the organ in that it gave the nearest representation of the voice of God, while the sound of strings might be taken as more fitted to express the varying emotions of man's state here on earth. An allusion was then made to the goodness of God and to the power of St. Philip's patronage as shown in the gradual extension of the Oratory's work; and all were called upon to thank Him for the blessing of being provided with what had been so long desired and what was so important for them all.[2]

[1] *Essays*, i. 5th ed. 1881; Mozley, *Corr.* i. 194.

[2] *Tablet*, 25 August, 1877. There were several organs at Edgbaston before the present instrument; the first, a "kist o' whistles"; the second, Fr. Bowles' good instrument; that went to Arundel; the third, Mr. Joesbury's, own cousin to No. 1. It stood against the west transept's north wall ere a crucifix took its place; the fourth

At Oxford, in his time, he said, there were none of the facilities for music that now form part of the institutions of the place; there was little to encourage individual musical talent. At St. Clement's, "I had a dispute with my singers in May, which ended in their leaving the Church, and we now sing *en masse*,"[1] and in June still, "My singers are quite mute". At St. Mary's, Mr. Bennett, and after him Mr. Elvey, elder brother of Sir George Elvey, sometime organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were Mr. Newman's organists. "I shall never forget," wrote a hearer, "the charm it was to hear Elvey play the organ for the hymn at Newman's afternoon parochial service at St. Mary's on a Sunday. The method was to play the tune completely through on the organ, and the way he did it was simply perfect." He continues: "There is a chant of his composing, which was reckoned at the time a stroke of genius—quite a new idea. I have it in a collection made by his father, who was organist of Chichester Cathedral," and Bennett's elder brother was "my master at Chichester" in 1842. He used to speak of his brother's genius, and what a loss he was to music.[2]

occupied the transept's south wall, and went to St. Catherine's; the fifth with three manuals and twenty-two stops, constructed by W. Beales, was placed in a gallery in the east transept, the gift of the school's first scholar in 1877; the sixth, by Nicholson of Worcester, at Ladywood temporarily; the seventh by the same, in the new aisle, until his fine one filling the east transept, came over the present gallery, made as beautiful as may be, with a Sacred Heart chapel below.

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 97.

[2] He was killed by the upsetting of a coach on the way to Worcester Festival. "With my sister's help I have been adjusting Keble's poems to Bennett's chants and find some of them suit admirably. It is the only kind of music which brings out their sweetness without overpowering it" (Mozley, *Corr.* i. 220-1, 236).

Still the Anglican service, taken as a whole, was scarcely calculated then to stir artistic fervour, and this listener, so delighted with Elvey at St. Mary's, went home to his village parish church only to hear the hymn murdered, or, if it were Advent, Christmas, or Easter, a tradesman shout from the gallery, "We will now sing to the praise and glory of God a *h*anthem!" when a motet would be sacrificed to incompetency with every circumstance of barbarity attending the execution. Mr. Newman in language of appalling force, written a year after his conversion, has described the Anglican service as—

"A ritual dashed upon the ground, trodden on and broken piecemeal; prayers clipped, pieced, torn, shuffled about at pleasure, until the meaning of the composition perished, and offices which had been poetry were no longer even good prose; antiphons, hymns, benedictions, invocations, shovelled away; Scripture lessons turned into Chapters; heaviness, feebleness, unwieldiness, where Catholic rites had had the lightness and airiness of a spirit; vestments chucked off, lights quenched, jewels stolen, the pomp and circumstances of worship annihilated; a dreariness which could be felt, and which seemed the token of an incipient Socinianism, forcing itself upon the eye, the ear, the nostrils of the worshipper; a smell of dust and damp, not of incense; a sound of ministers preaching Catholic prayers, and parish clerks droning out Catholic canticles; the royal arms for the crucifix; huge, ugly boxes of wood, sacred to preachers, frowning on the congregation in the place of the mysterious altar; and long Cathedral aisles unused, railed off, like the tombs (as they were) of what had been and was not; and for orthodoxy, a frigid, unelastic, inconsistent, dull, helpless dogmatic, which could give no just account of itself, yet was intolerant of all teaching which contained a doctrine more or a doctrine less, and resented every attempt to give it a meaning."[1]

[1] *Essays*, ii. 443-4.

The Catholic Church's ritual he found very different.

"What are her ordinances and practices," he asks, "but the regulated expression of keen, or deep, or turbid feeling, and thus a 'cleansing,' as Aristotle would word it, of the sick soul? She is the poet of her children; full of music to soothe the sad, and control the wayward—wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence, or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry; every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood, or aspiration of youth. Such poets as are born under her shadow, she takes into her service, she sets them to write hymns, or to compose chants, or to embellish shrines, or to determine ceremonies, or to marshal processions; nay, she can even make schoolmen of them, as she made St. Thomas, till logic becomes poetical."[1]

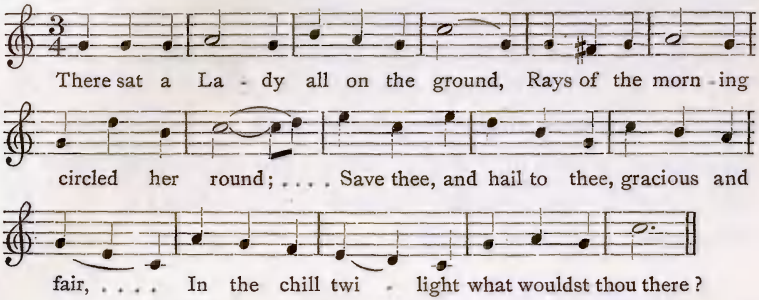
And, of course, as the Catholic poet that he now was, he duly set about to "write hymns" and "to compose chants". Since 1834, his original muse, amid the "encircling gloom," had been entirely silent, but emerging into the light of the true faith, it struck the lyre again in 1849 with the lovely notes of *Candlemas*:—

> The Angel-lights of Christmas-morn
> Which shot across the sky,
> Away they pass at Candlemas,
> They sparkle and they die.[2]

[1] *Essays*, ii. 442-3.

[2] *Verses*, CLIX. The well-known tune to this was adapted by him, for the Birmingham Oratory Congregation, from Reinagle's hymn tunes, brought out by subscription at Oxford. *Candlemas* was first published with *The Mission of St. Philip* and *The Pilgrim Queen* in the *Rambler*, under the heading *Oratorium Parvum*, 1850.

And in 1849 appeared his original and pathetic *Pilgrim Queen* (*Regina Apostolorum*, in the Hymn-Book), the music thereto being his own composition (or in part adaptation ?).



This originally contained a succinct indictment of a materialistic age. Our Lord had been bartered

For cotton and iron, for gas and for steam,

now more vocally and poetically rendered,

For the spice of the desert and gold of the stream.

In 1850 came two more exquisite hymns in honour of the Mother of God, *The Month of Mary*, or *Green are the leaves and sweet the flowers*, and *The Queen of Seasons*, or *All is divine which the Highest has made* (both, with Dr. Faber's *Joy of My Heart*, headed *Rosa Mystica*). While no line of Dr. Newman's appears in the 1850 Alcester Street Hymn-Book, in the 1854 Edgbaston Book there are thirteen, finally fourteen, of his pieces, original or translated.[1]

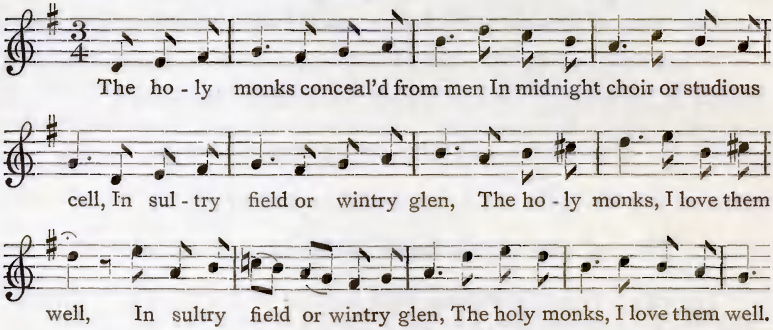
In the final apportioning of members for the two Oratorian houses, each had a poet in Fr. Caswall and Dr. Faber respectively. Dr. Newman disclaimed the title, but the world will deem him one. How beautifully

[1] See Appendix I.

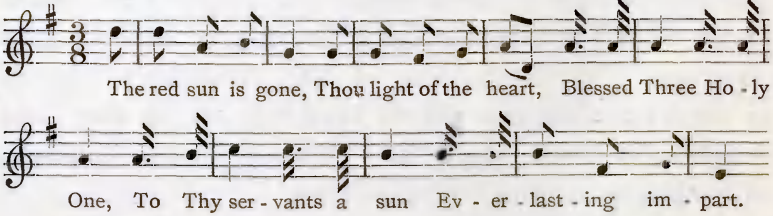
has Fr. Bittleston rendered the first half of St. Anselm's reputed hymn, *Omni die dic Mariæ* (*Daily, daily, sing to Mary*):—

Haec Regina,
Nos divinâ,
Illustravit gratiâ.[1]
She the Queen who decks her subjects,
With the light of God's own grace.

But there was more than one poet both at Birmingham and London, and Bishop Heber contributed to the book. Words and tunes of two others, No. 51, *Regulars and St. Philip*,



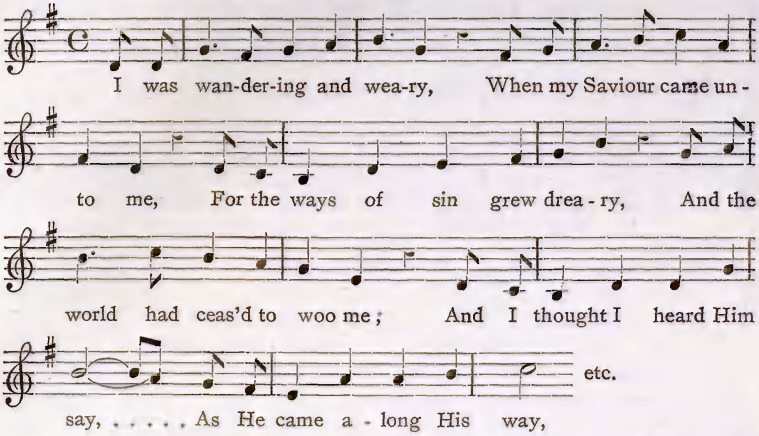
and No. 81, *Night* (*The red sun is gone*, from the Breviary),



are also by Dr. Newman, and there may be others. And though this tune to No. 81 has been irreverently referred to as "just like an old sailor's song," the same critic extolled its effect, and said how he loved to sing

[1] *Sancti Anselmi Mariale*, 15.

its long note at eventide. No. 61, *Conversion*, is Dr. Faber's *I was wandering*, and the tune by Dr. Newman.



Its peculiar merits grow, and a lover of plain chant once expressed his affection for it. It has been termed "briny" like No. 81, *The red sun is gone.* It has expressiveness and life and is popular in places, as at the Italian Church, London, without its being generally known who the composer is.[1]

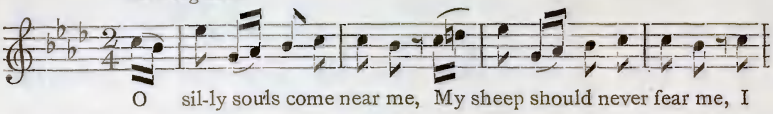
The study of the application of music to words was interesting, as the Cardinal remarked in April, 1886. Sometimes the music could not quite fit in with the words, and one or other had to give way, and on my referring to his music to Dr. Faber's hymn *Conversion*, he said he had an idea that the words had been somewhat altered to suit his tune.[2]

[1] Fr. Lockhart's solitary original tune, harmonized by Mr. A. H. Prendergast, and set to Dr. Faber's Hymn to St. Joseph, *There are many saints above, who love us with true love*, is another example of tender sentiment by an amateur outweighing any technical defect as to settled rhythm.

[2] In 1834, when Keble wrote an ode on the Duke of Wellington's installation as Chancellor of Oxford, Dr. Crotch was employed to

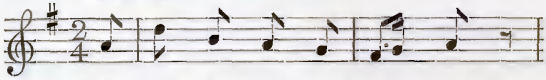
The reverse would appear to be the case. At least the refrain, "O silly souls," etc., is not identical in the Birmingham and London books, and there is a further slight variation in Westlake's *Popular Hymn and Tune Book.*[1]

Birmingham.



London.

Westlake.



write the music, and Mr. Newman wrote to his friend: "I hope Dr. Crotch will do your ode justice". And on difficulties arising with the composer, he wrote again: "I like your ode uncommonly. I would not budge one step for Dr. Crotch. His letter is most amusing, and your counter-suggestions are amusing too. . . . I would go so far for Dr. C. as to offer him your *frigate*, which certainly does better for music than the long ode." Later on he inquires: "How do you and Dr. Crotch get on?" and Keble replies: "Crotch has swallowed the *frigate* whole" (Mozley, *Corr.* ii. 29).

[1] Burns. In Westlake's collection will be found George Herbert's wonderful tunes to Dr. Faber's *Hail, Jesus, Hail, who for my sake* (161); *Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all* (207); *Faith of our Fathers* (198).

Mr. Pitts kindly sent me word that "the melody *only* came into my hands, and it stands in the London book exactly as I have received it. I think it was sent by one of the Birmingham Fathers, or by Mr. Edward Plater." This is satisfactory, and points to a smoother, more effective version of the refrain by the composer himself.[1] And it has been found possible, if only for the sake of old association, to retain to the present day many of the original tunes. "Have you," wrote Dr. Newman in December, 1850—

"any striking airs to recommend me, which will do for some of our Oratory Hymns? We have got two beautiful ones from (Mendelssohn), I don't spell his name right; I dare-say there are more of his if I could find them. Beethoven does not condescend to be easy enough for vocal music, or compact enough for a four line hymn. (Changed my mind here).[2]" As usual his interest enters into minute details. "Your hymn tunes will be most acceptable and opportune. Caswall's four Antiphons will do very well. The *Salve Regina* is very good; the *Alma Redemptoris* seems to me rather tame. But as a whole they are excellent." So he wrote on the 7th of February, 1849, and again on the 14th from Alcester Street to a friend: "As to Caswall's hymns, they are very well done, but I am sceptical about the Breviary hymns as a whole ever being popular. I will set down overleaf those which we intended to use, but I have not the means of sending it to you. Burns, I suppose, has it. (I have found and enclose a copy;) he has just printed it for me. It begins, 'Hail, Jesus, Hail' (Faber). It is in six line metre, the third line rhyming with the sixth, and of three feet, the

[1] Mr. Pitts' chords are generally good, but might be considerably improved (more especially at the words, *I am the Shepherd true*) by some contrary motion in the harmony. The tune lends itself to fine harmonizing and *extempore* refrain.

[2] This is in pencil.

other four lines of four feet each. We have no music for it. It is a translation of the hymn on the Precious Blood in the Raccolta. If you can find a tune, I will send the work from St. Wilfrid's, if Burns has them not." Again: "I enclose a book which contains what is, perhaps, rather a poem than a hymn, which is the great difficulty of many of Caswall's translations. . . . If you print the words, should you print the whole of them, or only some (the most popular) verses of each?"

"The choir," he writes, in June, 1857, "may do what they please in the *Lauda Sion*. Nothing will be better than their taking alternate verses. Only the guild must be answerable for the whole. If you 'give out' the guild shall take one verse, the choir another, there will be a hitch to a certainty, especially when the guild is in the open air, and the choir still in the corridor. Besides, the choir will want to take breath, perhaps after the Pange Lingua. 3. Tantum Ergo; Webbe's if you like. 4. Roman Litany. I am anything but averse to harmony here. I like it better with. But in answer to your captious objection, 'We don't know what the harmony is,' I answer, 'Well, then, do it without harmony'."

And again he writes in 1840: "As to the Chants in Reinagle's collection they are *harmonized*, which, as of course you know, is a mistake. They should be sung in unison, and the more bass voices the better. But you know all this better than I."

Altogether there is a brightness, a radiance that might have pleased St. Philip about the Birmingham selection of hymns and tunes, with Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Richardson, Pleyell, Crookall, Webbe, and others laid under contribution. As we have seen in the Saint's time, "there were sung at the Oratory many *Laudi*, motets, madrigals, and sacred songs in the vulgar tongue, and these gave scope for composers to essay a

simpler and more popular and stirring style of music". Take up then the book, hear the people at the May devotions sing such winning songs as *Green are the leaves and sweet the flowers*, and *All is Divine which the Highest has made*; or during St. Philip's Novena, *This is the Saint of gentleness and kindness*, and *On Northern coasts our lot is cast*, and we conclude that, as with the Saint, so with his children, it has been their aim "to make sacred music popular," and if the tunes be open to occasional adverse comment in detail, many have been successful in their aim.

This Oratory Book of 1860, with tunes, privately printed for local use, came, nevertheless, as a surprise to Messrs. Burns and Westlake, for the occasional simplicity, not to say meagreness of the harmonies. A quick movement from the finale of the second Beethoven Rasoumousky quartet is weird, albeit taken slow, for No. 74, *Death*; and Leporello's song for Nos. 22 and 23, *O fair Jerusalem*, and *Hail, Queen of the Heavens*, is no less unsuitable, however intrinsically appropriate, looking to the associations it might arouse, not so much among the poor, who cannot patronize opera, as among the rich. "Just look at the harmony," said one of No. 51, *Regulars and St. Philip*; and of No. 61, *I was wandering*, "there is a strange want of unity, the first part has no second harmony." A noble lord, too, disapproved of No. 51, the notes being, said he, all over the keyboard, but such are the strains of some of the best music; and the notice to this anonymous collection, probably by more than one hand, is an answer to criticism, as Burns felt at once, i.e.: "Neither the following tunes themselves, nor the hymns to which they belong, have been brought together on any one principle of selec-

tion, or to fulfil any ideal of what such composition ought to be. Many of them have grown into use insensibly, without anyone being directly responsible for them; the rest have been adapted as the most appropriate, under circumstances, to complete the set, and to answer the needs of our people," and "widen the compass of (his) harmony".[1]

Dr. Newman, like St. Philip, "took the word *music* in its widest sense, and made use of both vocal and instrumental music, and of their blended harmony". So writes Cardinal Capecelatro; and while I believe Dr. Newman would have been first to admit the beauty of portions of the old chant, its liturgical hymns, the familiar *accentus* dear to the Catholic ear, for Preface, *Pater Noster*, and some of the modes for Holy Week, the tones for the Psalms, and so on, I question whether he could have made much of a mass of "propers" and antiphons that seem to illustrate the text, "All we like sheep have gone astray". "In Gregorian music," said a writer in 1890, speaking more positively than I am able to do, "Newman could see no beauty whatever—none, at any rate, in the usual antiphons and 'tones'. An exception must be made in favour of those familiar chants occurring in the Mass. . . . I recollect his telling me, after we had heard one of Cherubini's Masses admirably performed at a Birmingham Festival, that the music, though so beautiful, needed the interspersing of those quaint old chants to make it really devotional," but "I believe," writes a friend, "it is very difficult for one who has heard only Mozart and Beethoven, etc., in all his early years ever to get a liking for Gregorian tones".[2]

[1] See Appendix II, *Verses*, vi.

[2] Apart from a subtle monotony in exclusively unaccompanied music, there is plain chant ill and well sung. Probably ill sung, what

Per contra "it used to drive Canon Oakeley wild when he heard his nephew Sir H. Oakeley play a fugue of Bach's even on the organ. The Cardinal, however, liked the *modus peregrinus* to the *In exitu Israel* (that was only natural), and I remember once he seemed quite put out because once we followed the Rubrics in Easter week when the *In exitu* is used by having all the Psalms to one tone. For a moment it seemed as if he would contradict himself in his strict rule of going by authority against what he liked, and would change the tones so as to have the *peregrinus*."

He calls Gregorian an "inchoate science". Could mediæval work, largely out of touch with the times, claim for itself a monopoly of existence to the exclusion of the modern? So loyal a son of Holy Church as Dr. Ward had let fall that a plain chant *Gloria* reminded him of "original sin". "And, if sometimes," wrote one, of old Oratory days, "we were so unfortunate as to have on some week-day festival of our Lady, only the Gregorian Mass, Fr. Darnell used to say we were 'burying our Lady,' and though he would make no remark, I have little doubt the Father thought so too." Perhaps, then, Cardinal Newman's love for vocal and instrumental ecclesiastical music in combination, especially at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, was a true instinct recognizing prudently some of the needs

a writer in the *Tablet* (18 Oct. 1884) missed was "any attempt to supply by musical expression the feeling that words alone cannot convey," with the admission that great composers have made "admirable use of plain chant," and that "occasionally melody of a high order is to be met with". We are bidden to love not the worst but the best unaccompanied music. This is what plain chant and Palestrina can and ought to be, but still the highest authority does not wish this and nothing else, albeit favouring the unaccompanied.

of another day, to be labelled, for a motto, with verses of the 149th and 150th Psalms, recommendable to the attention of a few purists in case they may have forgotten them? Even the organ, now actually used for plain chant, imitates divers instruments. Acknowledging in January, 1859, the Gothic to be "the most beautiful of architectural styles," he "cannot approve of the intolerance of some of its admirers," and would "claim the liberty of preferring, for the purposes of worship and devotion, a description of building which, though not so beautiful in outline, is more in accordance with the ritual of the present day, which is more cheerful in its exterior, and which admits more naturally of rich materials, of large pictures or mosaics, and of mural decorations".[1] In June, 1848, he says:—

"If it be Pagan, it is Popish too, for I suppose the Pope has given quite as much sanction to it as he has to Gregorian music, which, by the by, seems to be Pagan in the same sense that Italian architecture is." Again: "I think with you that what is called Gregorian is but a *style* of music: viz. before the fixing of the diatonic scale, and the various keys as rising out of it. The Pagan and Jewish tunes are *necessarily* in this style. And in this sense certainly the Gregorian comes from the Pagan *and* the Jewish. The names 'Lydian,' 'Phrygian,' etc., look like Pagan. One should think, however, some *must* be Jewish. I can't answer your question about the genuineness of the professed specimen of Pagan, as in Rousseau's Dictionary. Will Rousseau answer your question? All true art comes from revelation, to speak generally, I do think, but not necessarily through the Jewish Dispensation," etc.[2]

[1] *Merry England*, No. 30, 380.

[2] Dec. 1850, Mozley, *Corr.* ii. 479.

"My quarrel with Gothic and Gregorian when coupled together," says Campbell, in *Loss and Gain*, "is that they are two ideas, not one. Have figured music in Gothic Churches, keep your Gregorian for Basilicas." Bateman: ". . . You seem oblivious that Gregorian chants and hymns have always accompanied Gothic aisles, Gothic copes, Gothic mitres, and Gothic chalices". Campbell: "Our ancestors did what they could, they were great in architecture, small in music. They could not use what was not yet invented. They sang Gregorian because they had not Palestrina." Bateman: "A paradox, a paradox". Campbell: "Surely there is a close connection between the rise and nature of the Basilica and of Gregorian unison. Both existed before Christianity, both are of Pagan origin; both were afterwards consecrated to the service of the Church." Bateman: "Pardon me, Gregorians were Jewish, not Pagan". Campbell: "Be it so, for argument sake; still, at least, they were not of Christian origin. Next, both the old music and the old architecture were inartificial and limited as methods of exhibiting their respective arts. You can't have a large Grecian temple, you can't have a long Gregorian *Gloria*." Bateman: "Not a long one, why there's poor Willis used to complain how tedious the old Gregorian compositions were abroad". Campbell: ". . . Of course you may produce them to any length, but merely by addition, not by carrying on the melody. You can put two together, and then have one twice as long as either. But I speak of a musical piece, which must, of course, be the natural development of certain ideas, with one part depending on another. In like manner you might make an Ionic temple twice as long or twice as wide as the Parthenon; but you would lose the beauty of proportion by doing so. This, then, is what I meant to say of the primitive architecture and the primitive music, that they soon come to their limit; they are soon exhausted, and can do nothing more. If you attempt more, it's like taxing a musical instrument beyond its powers. . . ."

Campbell: "This is literally true as regards Gregorian music, instruments did not exist in primitive times which could execute any other. . . ." Reding: ". . . Modern music did not come into existence till after the powers of the violin became known. Corelli himself, who wrote not two hundred years ago, hardly ventures on the shift. The piano, again, I have heard, has almost given birth to Beethoven." Campbell: "Modern music, then, could not be in ancient times for want of modern instruments, and, in like manner, Gothic architecture could not exist until vaulting was brought to perfection. Great mechanical inventions have taken place both in architecture and in music since the age of Basilicas and Gregorians; and each science has gained by it." Reding: ". . . When people who are not musicians have accused Handel and Beethoven of not being *simple*, I have always said, 'is Gothic architecture *simple?*' A Cathedral expresses one idea, but is indefinitely varied and elaborated in its parts; so is a symphony or quartet of Beethoven." Campbell: "Certainly, Bateman, you must tolerate Pagan architecture, or you must in consistency exclude Pagan or Jewish Gregorians; you must tolerate figured music, or reprobate tracery windows". Bateman: "And which are you for, Gothic with Handel, or Roman with Gregorian?" Campbell: "For both in their place. I exceedingly prefer Gothic architecture to classical. I think it is the one true child and development of Christianity; but I won't for that reason discard the Pagan style which has been sanctified by eighteen centuries, by the exclusive love of many Christian countries, and by the sanction of a host of saints. I am for toleration. Give Gothic an ascendency; be respectful towards classical. . . ." Reding: "Much as I like modern music, I can't quite go the length to which your doctrine would lead me. I cannot, indeed, help liking Mozart; but surely his music is not religious?" Campbell: "I have not been speaking in defence of particular composers; figured music may be right, yet Mozart or Beethoven inadmissible. In

like manner, you don't suppose, because I tolerate Roman architecture, that therefore I like naked cupids to stand for cherubs, and sprawling women for the cardinal virtues. . . . Besides, as you were saying yourself just now, we must consult the genius of our country, and the religious associations of our people." Bateman: "Well, I think the perfection of sacred music is Gregorian set to Harmonies; there you have the glorious old chants, and just a little modern richness". Campbell: "And I think it just the worst of all; it is a mixture of two things, each good in itself, and incongruous together. It's a mixture of the first and second courses at table. It's like the architecture of the *façade* at Milan, half-Gothic, half-Grecian." Reding: "It's what is always used, I believe". Campbell: "Oh, yes, we must not go against the age, it would be absurd to do so. I only spoke of what was right and wrong on abstract principles; and to tell the truth, I can't help liking the mixture myself, though I can't defend it."[1]

The irrepressible Bateman has Gothic and Gregorian on the brain; and in another place goes "on boldly to declare that, if he had his will there should be no architecture in the English Churches but Gothic, and no music but Gregorian. This . . . gave scope for a very pretty quarrel. Reding said that all these adjuncts of worship, whether music or architecture, were national; they were the mode in which religious feeling showed itself in particular times and places. He did not mean to say that the outward expression of religion in a country might not be guided, but it could not be forced; that it was preposterous to make people worship in one's own way, as to be merry in one's way. . . ." Bateman: "But surely . . . you don't mean to say that there is no natural connection between internal feeling and outward expression, so that one form is no better than another?" Reding: "Far from it, but let those who confine their music to Gregorians, put up crucifixes in the highways. Each is the representative of a

[1] *Loss and Gain*, 282-6.

particular locality or time. . . ." Campbell: "You can't be more Catholic than Rome, I suppose, yet there's no Gothic there". Bateman: ". . . Rome has corrupted the pure Apostolic doctrine, can we wonder that it should have a corrupt architecture?" Reding: "Why, then, go to Rome for Gregorians?"[1]

Gothic architecture and modern Church music are both, then, legitimate developments, at different times, of the Christian era, equally with the earlier plain chant and classical style of Pagan and Jewish origin. Much, with due care, can be, and has been, sanctified herein and made good for the service of God.

The foregoing would probably open out, in the eyes, say, of the accomplished author of the *Vesper Psalter*,[2] a wide field for further discussion. Sir John Lambert's Preface is well worthy of attention, and he remarks, "that while pleading for the restoration of the Ritual Song as the Church system and the music of the people, and as the basis of all that is really grand and ecclesiastical, the writer would not wish to be understood to object to the superadding of the most elaborate music where it can be properly executed, if it does not supersede the Church Song, and is of a character to harmonize with it. Doubtless," he adds, "as the Church employs all the resources of art, as far as in accordance with her own spirit, the most perfect celebration of the Divine

[1] *Loss and Gain*, 277.

[2] Burns, London, 1849. The *Dublin Review* (ii. Jan.-March, 1864, New Series) succinctly sums up the Church music question. It is in accordance with the wishes of His Holiness "that music properly so called may be admitted as well as plain chant. 2. That the music of the Church is to possess a certain gravity and to minister to devotion. 3. That instrumental music may be allowed under certain restrictions. Pius X is of the same mind."

Office would be where both could be combined. All would then be impressed and edified, each person, according to his peculiar sense, and God would be worshipped with all the magnificence which art can be made to minister." Golden words, behind which I would hide aught intemperate in past advocacy of the best in modern art for the service of the Church, for—

> There are two ways to aid her ark—
> As patrons and as sons.[1]

Meanwhile, so much may be fairly gathered—the Cardinal's musical views were sensible ones, if open, in theory and example, to differences of opinion. *Omnia probate*, he seems to say, *quod bonum est tenete.* He had, of course, no real sympathy with any extravagances. His was a cultured, or at any rate a refined taste, *sui similis*, and when it was said in April, 1886, that Niedermeyer's B Minor Mass was "elaborate," he observed: "Well, I like a medium in music, although I may be wrong in that". All was well, I suppose, provided the best gifts of Catholic masters in their art, and the last to be attacked because they are not something else, were in good faith proffered to Almighty God, properly rendered. In the words herein of St. Gregory the Great: *Mihi placet ut, sive in Romanâ, sive in Galliarum, sive in quâlibet ecclesiâ, aliquid invenisti quod plus omnipotenti Deo possit placere, sollicite eligas.*[2] All was well, too, if singers and players were animated with the Catholic spirit that breathed in some of Haydn and Mozart, to say nothing of later giants.[3]

[1] *cviii. Verses.*

[2] S. Greg. *Epist.* xxxi. lib. xii. *De expos. divers rerum.*

[3] M. Tonnellé, pupil of Fr. Gratry of the Oratory: "Haydn et Mozart, c'est la foi Catholique, c'est la soumission naïve et spontanée,

Under such conditions, and with due observance of the unaccompanied chant in Advent and Lent, the male choirs of both Oratories and other choirs in England have probably done a good work, and if so, one worthy both of St. Philip's blessing and that of the late Holy Father and his predecessors Leo XIII and Pius IX.

It was in April, 1886, that Frs. Richard and Henry Bellasis, with the present writer, played over to Cardinal Newman Canon Dykes' well-known setting to *Lead, kindly Light*, which, he said, he had never heard before, and he seemed rather surprised at its very quiet, hymn-like quality. No piano could equal the strings or any organ, though there was nothing really so "magnificent," he once said, as a military band of brass and wood-wind. We now gave him, with violin and violoncello *obbligati*, the version of the *Lead* by Pinsuti and West,[1] as also Hurrell Froude's *Tyre*, from the *Lyra Apostolica*, and a striking poem indeed, as are all the too few verses signed β. After I had ventured to interpret this Phœnicean lament, so grandly sung by Froude, we gave the Cardinal his *Watchman*. Deeming it "rough" in expression, he excluded it from his *Verses* of 1868, until, on Mr. Oxenham's remonstrance, it was put in.[2]

c'est la devotion tendre et vive" (which can of course be truly said more often than not).

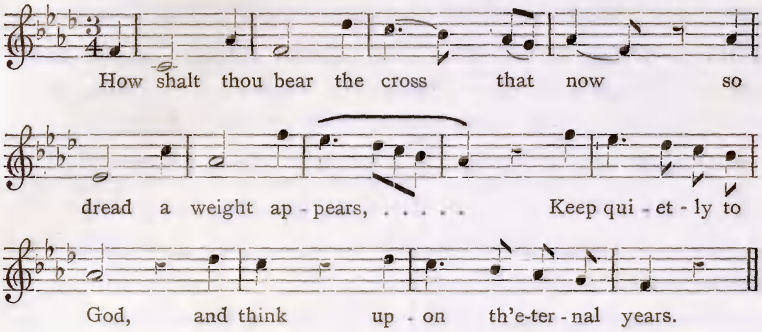
[1] See Appendix III.

[2] The two contending ideas have to be conveyed in the vocal and instrumental strains here, and it is one of the greatest of the Mediterranean poems. Therein Infidelity, a friend thought, was represented by "Ammon"; but why, asked another, was "niggard" applied to "Tyre"—generally associated with "purple and fine linen"? Political Economy, then, was here referred to. "Some work for love and some work for hire." This indicated "the mixed character of your fellow-workmen". Eli was "the weak old bishop," Saul and

Then we sang the complement to *Lead, kindly Light*, in the *Two Worlds*.[1]

In 1889 he had been very ill, and when recovering said to Fr. Henry Bellasis: "Fr. Faber wrote the hymn *Eternal Years*.[2] I have always had the greatest affection

BEETHOVEN.



for it—in connection with Fr. Faber, and I always used to think that when I came to die, I should like to have it sung to me; and I want you to play it for me." Fr. Bellasis said: "I could get a harmonium in". "A harmonium would do everything. How many are there? perhaps one could be spared me." So when evening had set in, a harmonium was put in the passage between his two rooms. Fr. Neville knelt at his side first reciting each verse, while Fr. Pollen and Fr. Bellasis,

Achitophel "different forms of political opposition," Gerizen was "Samaria" or Dissent, Gath "the Philistine worldling". Appendix IV.

[1] See *Lyra*, cxxxix. *Verses*, xxxvi, clxxv, and *infra*, 59.

[2] Faber's *Poems*, No. 135, pp. 379-81, ed. 1861. This is not in the London *Oratory Hymn Book* (1893), but, under the heading "*Eternity*," six of the quatrains (1, 8, 9, 11, 15, 16) appear in the Birmingham Book, 1854-88, as No. 73, set to the above tune in the minor from Beethoven's 6th trio (for flute, viola, and violoncello, taken *andante*).

one with a violoncello, played and sang the *Eternal Years.*

"Some people," he then said, "have liked my *Lead, kindly Light*, and it is the voice of one in darkness, asking for help from our Lord. But this is quite different; this is one with full light, rejoicing in suffering with our Lord, so that mine compares unfavourably with it. This is what those who like *Lead, kindly Light* have got to come to—they have to learn it." Then they played and sang it over again. And he said at the end: "I thank you with all my heart. God bless you. I pray that when you go to Heaven, you may hear the Angels singing with the genius that God has endowed them with. God bless you."

To quote again, as I began, from Cardinal Capecelatro and Fr. Pope, and I have done. What His Eminence says of the first founder of any Oratorian Congregation may more or less apply to the great Oratorian whom we have mourned: "The sweet enticement of music is quite in harmony with the spirit of St. Philip, and imparts to piety an ineffable gladness and gentleness and grace. Take away from our Saint his delight in music, and you leave his image in our hearts mutilated, despoiled of much of its winning beauty."[1]

1891-1916.

[1] Pope, *Capecelatro*, ii. 106, 2nd ed. 99.

IMPRESSIONS OF HEAVEN IN INFANCY AND AGE.

A thought of long-past childhood woke me to-day,
The voice of Spring—and to my soul were given
Clear images of what is clear in Heaven.
—C. W. HERBERT'S *Poems of the Seen and the Unseen*, 14.

Wordsworth's *Ode* a seeming paraphrase of the *Lead*—Ruskin on what has been "lost awhile"—The *Ode* first in time, on land—The *Lead*, twenty-six years later, at sea—Coleridge does not deem the *Ode* Platonic, Newman does—It affects him more than aught in Shakespeare or Scott—Henry Vaughan's lines—Newman's past Heaven, and his *Haven*'s lost Paradise—The early home at Ham—Trafalgar celebrated at four—The *Apologia*, *Sermons*, and *Grammar* cited on children's souls—"If babes could speak"—What the *Prelude* and *Excursion* say—Newman's *Two Worlds* on age's impressions paralleled by Waller's *Human Life*—Tennyson's "gleam forlorn"—*The Trance of Time*, a summing up of infancy and age's recollections.

MR. R. HUTTON wrote that Wordsworth never "found," or as he, in a later note, explained his own remark, "never made any profound impression on" Newman, "though there is so much in his writings that seems like a paraphrase of some of Wordsworth's finest poetry".[1] The Cardinal may have deemed the Bard of Rydal constituted himself too much "a high priest of nature," yet the poem of each that is best known, the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, and *Lead, kindly Light*, seem to me to contain, the one *in extenso*, the other in brief, a similar idea, and herein Dr. Newman "found" Wordsworth and Wordsworth "found" Dr. Newman. Both notice another world's sen-

[1] *Cardinal Newman*, 14.

sible impressions, to be followed by those "fallings from us, vanishings," and the "bitter decline of this glorious feeling owing to the cares and weight of manhood".[1] But Ruskin does not here describe the feeling as aught directly spiritual, but only "a sense of beauty," and that while, later on, men have "not the time nor the liberty to look for their lost treasure," yet "human and divine affections" are ordered "to take its place". With Wordsworth he will "not grieve" for the loss. The subject has occasioned not "lamentation," but rather "holy thankfulness for the witness it bears to the immortal origin and end of our nature". If the loss were merely that of "a sense of beauty," and "most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perception of her splendour," this deprivation might be put up with, but it is more than this with Dr. Newman and Wordsworth.

The *Ode* came first, being written between 1803-1806 at Townend, Grasmere; the *Lead* in 1833, near the Straits of Bonifacio; otherwise the *Ode* might be a paraphrase of *Lead, kindly Light.* Mr. Newman wrote in August, 1850: "The verses you speak of, Lead Thou, etc., were written on Sunday, the 16th of June, 1833, on the deck of a Sicilian sailing vessel, when I was becalmed in the sun off Sardinia for a week, on my way from Palermo to Marseilles".

> There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparell'd in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.
> It is not now as it hath been of yore . . .
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

[1] *Mod. Painters*, Pop. ed. II, iii. v. i. 412. Plato's Μένων.

So far Wordsworth's opening. "To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe," he wrote, "if he would look back, could bear testimony," and to those who have been pained at his inculcating, as it were, belief in "a prior state of existence," the poet puts forth his disclaimer; Coleridge, indeed, wrote: "Readers will be as little disposed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing the Platonic pre-existence in the ordinary interpretation of the word as I am loth to believe that Plato himself ever meant or taught it," that is to say, Plato rather "looked upon the mingled experience of mundane life as inducing a gradual but slow remembrance of the past". It is, anyway, Wordsworth says, but "an element in our instincts of Immortality," but, at the same time, he thinks it not contradictory to revelation, and he perceives some "analogy" thereto in man's fall.[1] I once asked the Cardinal about it, and he replied in April, 1872:—

"As to Wordsworth you are quite right. He puts forth the Platonic doctrine, not the Christian. I have glanced at him in my article on Keble (*per* contrast), in the second volume of my Essays. It is a most beautiful doctrine, and may be modified in a Christian sense. It is our common belief that every soul has its Guardian Angel, but if so, is it possible that the good Angel should not whisper high truths to poor little heathen infants, or, at least, is it not allowable to think so? Still more surely may we say that, considering Baptism imparts Faith, Hope, and Charity, the intellect of Christian children comes into this world of sense, and wakes up to reflection 'trailing clouds of glory do they come from God who is their home'.

[1] *Wordsworth*, Moxon's ed., v. 103. *Wordsworth*, Knight's ed.

As to Wordsworth, you are quite right. The poets felt the Platonic doctrine, not the Christian. I have glanced at them in my article on Keble (per contrast) in the 2nd volume of my Essays. It is a most beautiful doctrine, and may be modified in a Christian sense. It is our common belief that every soul has its guardian angel: but if so, is it possible that a good angel should not whisper high truths to poor little heathen infants? or at least is it not allowable to think so? Still more surely may we say that, considering baptism imparts faith, hope, and charity, the intellect of Christian children comes into this

world of sense, and wakes up to reflection, "trailing clouds of glory, as they come from God who is their home." Wordsworth's ~~Hymn~~ Ode is one of the most beautiful poems in our language. It and Milton's Lycidas affect me more, I think, than any thing in Shakespeare, in Dryden, in Gray, or in Scott. It is partly the thought, partly the harmony of verse; but Wordsworth is far the more touching of the two.

I should like to hear your music, to which you have set my "Consolation."

"Wordsworth's Ode is one of the most beautiful poems in the language. It and Milton's Lycidas affect me more than anything in Shakespeare, in Dryden, in Gray, or in Scott. It is partly the thought, partly the harmony of the verse, but Wordsworth is far the more touching of the two."

And now to start a discussion started by Charles Marriott with Mr. Newman in 1839 as to the angel faces "referring to the more intimate communion of infants with the unseen world,"[1] and ask, as Dr. Greenhill did of the author in vain, what is meant by "those angel faces which I have lov'd long since and lost awhile" in the *Lead*, or, as the *Ode* puts it: "The things which I have seen I now can see no more," or, as Henry Vaughan has it, with no suggestion of departed relatives :—

> Happy those years when I
> Shin'd in my Angel infancy.
> When yet I had not walk'd above
> A mile or two from my first Love,
> And looking back at that short space,
> Could see a glimpse of His bright face.

A striking parallel may also be noted between the *Lead*'s past Heaven and the *Haven*'s lost Paradise—both written by Newman during the Mediterranean voyage, the *Haven* at the entrance to the historic sea :—

> Whence is this awe by stillness spread
> O'er the world-fretted soul?
> Wave rear'd on wave its godless head,
> While my keen bark by breezes sped,
> Dash'd fiercely thro' the ocean bed,
> And chaf'd towards its goal.

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* ii. 477. Mr. Mearns, *Catholic World*, Jan. 1913.

And now there reigns so vast a rest
That I could almost weep.
Sinner! thou hast in this rare guest
Of Adam's peace a figure blest.
'Tis Eden seen tho' not possest
Which cherub flames still keep.

Looking on Ithaca, Mr. Newman wrote in December, 1832, some six months before the *Lead*: "I thought of Ham and all the glimpses which memory barely retains, and which fly from one when I pursue them, of that earliest time of life, when one seems almost to realize the remnants of a pre-existing state".[1]

That "long since" of the *Lead* can be extended back, then, to Mr. Newman senior's house in Grey Court, Ham, so beautifully described by his son.[2] Of Ham "I dreamed about as a schoolboy as if it were Paradise," so he wrote to Mr. Morton. It was "marvelling childhood's Heaven of Love,"[3] where in the following year he ran about the garden waving a flag to celebrate Trafalgar; where, too, he had been heard to sigh, and to the question of the nurse, "Why such a sigh, Master Johnny?" had answered that he was "thinking he had to do three things; go to school, choose a profession, and get married".[4]

See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
. . . Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife. . . .

[1] *Verses*, vi. Mozley, *Corr.* i. 318.

[2] *Historical Sketches*, iii. (Section "Discipline and Influence"). Mozley, *Corr.* i. 17.

[3] C. W. Herbert's *Poems of the Seen and the Unseen*, 14.

[4] From Fr. Neville. See Appendix VII, 2.

The "vanishings" had begun. In the *Apologia* occurs the well-known passage: "I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all the world a deception, my fellow-angels, by a playful device, concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world". So Wordsworth as a child: "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all I saw as something apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature". Again Mr. Newman: "Children are full of tender, affectionate feelings towards those first years, but they do not know why. They think it is those very years which they yearn after, whereas it is the presence of God. . . ."[1] Again: "The apprehension of God, when it is found in children, is found to act promptly and keenly by reason of the paucity of their ideas. It is an image of the good God, good in Himself, good relatively towards the child with whatever incompleteness; an image before . . . it is recognized by him as a notion!"[2]

Once more; perhaps, the strongest passage on the point in Dr. Newman's works:—

"There is in the infant soul in the first years of its regenerate state, a discernment of the unseen world in the things that are seen and a realization of what is Sovereign and Adorable, and an incredulity and ignorance about what is transient and changeable, which mark it out as the first emblem of the matured Christian when weaned from things temporal, and living in intimate conviction of the Divine Presence . . . he has this one great gift, that he seems to have come lately from God's Presence. The simplicity of a child's ways and notions, his ready belief of everything he is told, his artless love, his frank confidence, his confession of helplessness, his ignorance

[1] *Parochial Sermons*, iv. 262. [2] *Grammar of Assent*, 110, ed. 1870.

of evil, his inability to conceal his thoughts, his contentment, his prompt forgetfulness of trouble, his admiring without coveting, and above all, his reverential spirit, looking at all things about him as wonderful, as tokens and types of the One Invisible, are all evidence of his being lately (as it were) a visitant in a higher state of things."[1]

And now, as I have been told by one who knew the family, a mother once said: "If babes could speak, what would not baby say?" and her child of six years replied: "God does not let baby speak till baby has forgotten what he knows," as though apprehending that he had already "heard things that it is not given to man to utter"; this is Wordsworth's "little child" yet "glorious in the might of heaven-born freedom"; the "Seer blest on whom those truths do rest"; that "silent, read'st the eternal deep". The idea in the *Ode* and the *Lead* is dimly seen, too, in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, cited by Coleridge:—

> Our simple childhood sits on a throne
> That hath more power than all the elements.

Why such a throne, unless something unearthly were meant? He cautiously adds:—

> I guess not what this tells of Being past
> Nor what it augurs of the life to come. . . .

He inquires later on:—

> Ah! why in age
> Do we revert so fondly to the walks
> Of childhood but that there the Soul . . . can hear
> Reverberations; and a choral song
> Commingling with the incense that ascends
> Undaunted, towards the imperishable heavens.[2]

[1] *Parochial Sermons*, ii. 64, 65.
[2] *Excursion*, ix. 36, ed. 1870, Moxon.

In due course the child's ignorance of passing events is invaded by the rattle at six months and toys at three. Nature, "the homely nurse, doth all she can" to make him—

> A four years' darling [1] of a pigmy size . . .
> Forget the glories he hath known
> And that imperial palace whence he came. . . .
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy . . .
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

The Cardinal, too, "becalmed in the sun," complains of the "garish day". The "shades of the prison-house" in Wordsworth have their counterpart in the "encircling gloom" of Newman; "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," writes Wordsworth; and "Paradise" as his early home is the thought of Newman, and the local habitation of his "angel faces".

> What though the radiance which was once so bright
> Be now for ever taken from (his) sight.

Wordsworth finds "strength" among other things, more or less, I imagine, unsatisfying by themselves, "In the faith that looks thro' death"; Dr. Newman's "morn" is but another name for the most new day (*hora novissima*), the fulfilment of all he had hoped for, believed in, on earth.

When the Cardinal was in his sixty-second year, the thought in the *Lead* was extended to the future as well as the past, in the exquisite poem of the *Two Worlds*:—

[1] Ed. 1815. Other editions "six years".

Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine,
In glory and in grace,
This gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of Thy face.

Till Thou art seen it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky
And flowers and fruit abound.

But when Thy keener, purer beam,
Is pour'd upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night. . . .

And thus when we renounce for Thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,

Poor is our sacrifice whose eyes
Are lighted from above,
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceas'd to love.

Namely, to those whose eyes are no longer "amid the encircling gloom," who see, if not the "clouds of glory" again, yet not the "garish day" only, but "new lights," of which Edmund Waller, the Cavalier poet, wrote—his best lines, in a poem on *Human Life*, forerunning, by a century and a half, the *Two Worlds*:—

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd
Lets in new lights thro' chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw nearer to their eternal home,
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Since, despite the "conceit" herein,

Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateway of the morn.[1]

And in the *Trance of Time*, composed by Newman at twenty-six, is reflected something of Wordsworth's "glory from the earth" that "hath pass'd away," and of Vaughan's departed "Angel infancy"; something of Newman's "Light amid the encircling gloom," and of Waller's "emptiness which age descries":—

In childhood, when with eager eyes
The season-measured year I view'd,
All garb'd in fairy guise,
Pledg'd constancy of good.

Spring sang of Heaven; the summer flowers
Bade me gaze on, and did not fade;
Even suns o'er autumn showers
Heard my strong wish and stay'd. . . .

Far different now:—the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue. . . .

Then what this world to thee, my heart?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.

[1] Tennyson, *Two Voices*, ed. 1884.

And the *Haven's* "stillness," too, is here in

Heaven's Age of fearless rest.[1]

1911-16.

[1] *Verses on Various Occasions*, viii. ed. 1912: termed in *Lyra Apostolica* (under Section "Vanity of Vanities"), *Nothingness of Matter* (Contents, xliii. 48), and in *Verses on Religious Subjects*, 1853, *Changes*, with citation from St. Paul, "cum essem parvulus," etc., instead of one from Virgil, "Felix qui potuit," etc., in *Lyra*, 1836, and *Verses*, 1868 (*Georgics*, ii. 490 *sqq.*). A year before the above, another poem, in 1826, gives seasons their due. Oxford and Ulcombe are contrasted. Despite Cudworth's *Sermons* for "lightest reading," "freedom, health, and joy are here," at Ulcombe, and not apparently elsewhere. See *Nature and Art*, v. in *Verses* (and Mozley, *Corr.* i. 166, 168, 171). In Wordsworthian vein, Country is preferred to Town, during Long Vacation.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird renews her song.

OBITER SCRIPTA.

He is retired as noon-tide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

—WORDSWORTH

Missionary labours in Oxfordshire renewed in Warwickshire—Candlemas Day a landmark—Night and Classical classes—The Achesons and Bathursts' aid to mission and schools—Smethwick school—Fr. St. John's club—St. Paul expounded—A prepared death—Minute detail in church and sacristy—The old church of 1853—Altar Society—Dr. Newman's Mass—Pontificates once—The last Mass—A religious crisis—His reading of Holy Writ—Two published sermons heard—Rapidity over Dr. Weedall's—De Lisle on a sermon on Our Lady—Effect of a discourse at St. Chad's—The last discourse—The latest public words—St. Philip's Day—Projected Life and Office of the Saint—*Cor cordi*—Home narratives—American mistaken authorship—Brief criticisms—Keble's *Lyra*—Unachieved works—Fr. Christie's *End of Man*—Fr. Bowden's *Miniature Lives*—St. Macrina—Lady G. Fullerton's *Life*—*East Lynne* condemned—*David Copperfield* Dickens' best—*The Deserted Village*—On Beattie and Gray—The land of *Rokeby* explored—*Thalaba* and *Kehama*—The style of Cicero, Gibbon, and Dryden—St. Athanasius and his shrine—Loreto and Lourdes—St. Anthony of Padua—Friends' portraits—H. Wilberforce's funeral—Large correspondence stops life's amenities—Old letters—Keble's own go to Keble College—Hagar and Ishmael—"Don't mention this" and "burn this"—Interest in education without being a schoolmaster—"I think best when I write"—Visiting Dr. Newman—Rednal—Sayings by the way—Pronunciation—A walk—George IV and the French religions—Relief at the Oxford Scheme falling through—Newmanite and

Puseyite—A last visit—The passage of time—St. Philip and St. Martin on dying—"God has never failed me"—Sympathy—Life "full of disappointments"—England the heaven of small people—The μῦθος—A Canon occasions the *Apologia*.

"WRITINGS by the way" anent Cardinal Newman may be interesting, though they tell nothing that could not be said about other people, and at the outset, let parochial detail, after 1845, show how easily he wore, as though he had never known other religious garb, the vesture of Catholicism.

I.

The missionary labours of Oxford and Littlemore were renewed at Maryvale and Birmingham. The lovely feast of old Candlemas Day, in English phraseology, saw the formal opening of the first English Oratory at Old Oscott in 1848, and its re-opening on the "outskirts" of a great town,[1] in 1849. Dr. Newman took his share in night classes at Alcester Street for religious instruction to lads. On the removal to Edgbaston in April, 1852, there were his classes in Virgil, Ovid, and Latin verse. In catechising he would "skilfully draw out the children's knowledge, and make the subject so interesting that their attention was rivetted".[2] The Ladies Olivia and Arabella Acheson were great benefactors, the former attending the poor at their homes, but scarcely living two years for the work. Mr. Stuart Eyre Bathurst and his sister started the school at Alcester Street, one teaching the boys, the other the

[1] Letter to H. W. Wilberforce, 1 Feb. 1849.

[2] Fr. Neville, whose notes were never finally arranged; yet, despite lack of professional skill, they are often felicitous in exactly expressing what the writer means to convey.

girls. On becoming a Dominican religious, she and others started two more schools in Edgbaston, and later on, St. Philip's Orphanage. It is believed there were then but three other primary Catholic schools in the city. In April, 1858, land, too, was bought at Smethwick for a school by Fr. Caswall. In August, 1856, Fr. St. John started a successful sick-club for poor girls, and so on.

Again, Dr. Newman expounded St. Paul in St. Philip's Chapel. One night he instructed, baptized, and prepared a member of the flock for the death that came a few hours later. He stayed in many days, expecting a Greek lady from abroad, thus missing much outdoor exercise. The visitor came, was received into the Church, returned to her distant home. "What would have been my feelings," he said, "had I listened to your expostulations about remaining indoors?" thus missing her. On her death three months later, her husband returned his letters. He bade him keep them: they had helped her, and might aid him.

Into arrangements with local authorities and institutions he entered minutely. The "writer" was a "doer of the work" in his day, like Wordsworth's *Pastor*:—

> . . . apt for all affairs,
> And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
> And watchful. . . .

He addresses one in *Fair Words*:—

> Thy words are good, and freely given, . . .
> And yet thou ventur'st nought to serve
> Thy neighbour's weal nor thine.[1]

It was not his way. He cared about the poor at Oxford, Littlemore, and Birmingham. When older,

[1] *Verses on Various Occasions*, ed. 1912, xlii. Appendix VII, 3.

THE ORATORY IN 1860 WITH ADDED APSE

he gave up to the younger what they could do better, but when asked to support endless philanthropies, many started with more zeal than discretion, without any notion of the supernatural in the charity, he came to think, "I have done my share, let others—with more leisure, which is hardly my own, with more means, which I have in a measure lost—take my place, and may be, do better than I did". Man "goeth forth" *till* his "evening".

The red sun is gone,
  Thou light of the heart,
Blessed Three, Holy one,
  To Thy servants a sun
Everlasting impart.

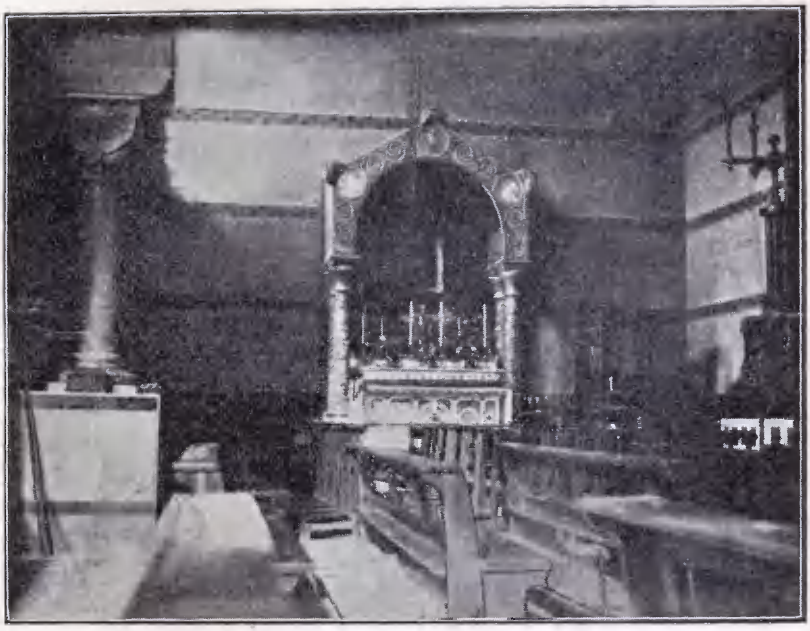
The minute choir and sacristy rules show how little in externals about church or altar escaped his notice. And he loved variety, whether in flowers or music. The Church was *circumamicta varietatibus*, and it is recalled his seeing in person to the best places for harmoniums on the line of route for processional days, to help the singing as people filed through aisle and corridor out into the open. *Quasimodo*, 1906, saw the last services in that old Oratorian Church at Edgbaston; dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin a year before its Definition in 1854, a circumstance of some interest; and opened on the Feast of St. Cecilia, patron of music, the 22nd of November, 1853.[1]

[1] It may be added that on either side of the altar was a four-sided stone with pelicans, and supporting a *baldacchino* and, later, *candelabra*. Then a new choir was built seven steps above the transept's level and adorned by a new high altar, when this blue, gold *baldacchino* went to the Sacred Heart altar in the western transept. Here in a recess on the north side was placed the old high altar, with a picture of our Lord in the Garden, later on, one of Blessed Juvenal Ancina of the Oratory. Our Blessed Lady's statue, still to be seen, was from the design of

That old church's roof was bought, ready-made, second-hand, from the top of a factory, for Dr. Newman

St. Philip's Day.
The Old Oratory Church.

Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, and dominated an altar, the only one, on the western side of the nave. There was but one aisle, on the right, and facing it was a Calvary on a bracket with the usual figures of Our Lady and St. John. That aisle had two altars, on either side of the sacristy door, one with closing doors of wood, dedicated to Blessed Sebastian Valfré, of the Turin Oratory; the other to St. Valentine, a martyr, whose relics beneath were given by Pius IX. The old statue of St. Joseph stood at an altar against the north wall of the short eastern transept, and was partitioned off by a



THE OLD WESTERN TRANSEPT WITH PART OF ORIGINAL HIGH ALTAR'S BALDACCHINO

did not *at this time* ask general help for a church "from his many friends at home and abroad," who in this very year "broke for him the stress of a great anxiety," in paying his expenses over an unjust trial at law.[1]

The Altar Society, founded by Fr. St. John in 1874, on his death in May, 1875, was presided over by Dr. Newman till 1879. Its flower-room by the north exit to the church had been a sacristy and a music-room, and a hall for a Little Oratory in *embryo*, started by Fr. Caswall. The spacious hall for the Brothers was taken away in 1859-61, for the requirements of the Oratory School.

II.

I first saw Dr. Newman in September, 1861, rapidly crossing the old church's west transept to say Mass at the Sacred Heart Altar, and last heard his Mass on Easter Tuesday, 1886, in his private chapel, dedicated to St. Francis de Sales. Both Emily Bowles and Maria

wood and glass screen from a passage to the *Bona Mors* Chapel beyond. Lofty, gloomy, it had its height diminished, later on, by half, to make a choir-room level with the organ gallery in the Church, access to both being by a corkscrew staircase. Through this Chapel, now more dimly lighted than ever, which the Cardinal liked for Mass in its seclusion, and for its dedication, there was an entrance to the sanctuary, and to the lower sacristy beneath, where thurifers and torch-bearers got lights. The wooden high Altar had a vine-entwined Cross. The wooden choir gates went to the flower-room.

[1] The subscriptions more than covered the expenses. Great Britain gave £6,719 19s. 6d.; France, £3,032 2s. 1d.; Ireland, £2,179 6s. 2d.; United States, £458 6s. 10d.; Germany, £193 16s.; Italy, £163 0s. 9d.; Malta, £59; Constantinople, £51; Holland, £32 10s.; Canada, £20 17s. 6d.; Brazil, £20; East Indies, £8; Belgium, £3 19s. 6d.; Egypt, £1; Portugal, 10s.; interest on occasional balances, £32 10s. Total, £12,977 1s.

Giberne gave him portraits of that saint,—one likeness, as well as the sepia drawings that illustrated his life, lining the partition, being by Miss Giberne herself. Save in being slower at 85 than at 60, the Cardinal's Mass nowise differed in 1886 from what it had been in 1861. Willis in *Loss and Gain* describes its speed in a passage only surpassed by the answer to the question, "What is Theology?" in the *Idea.* Ready vested before the clock struck, punctual to the minute, he would come out of the sacristy, and as often as not, before 1879, go to St. Joseph's Altar or the *Bona Mors Chapel* beyond. The opening *Judica me Deus* Psalm and *Gloria* were said swiftly, with a swaying to and fro in many directions; the words of consecration were an audible whisper, with lingering emphasis and a tone of awe at *mysterium fidei*. The *Pater Noster* was given as expressively as ever, and had speaking pauses without much sense of broken continuity. *Panem nostrum quotidianum* and *ne nos inducas* were tenderly expressed.[1] He would blow out the candles after the last Gospel, something after the Dominican rite, wherein they are, or should be, extinguished during the recital of the last Gospel.

Cardinal Newman pontificated once on his 80th birthday, the 21st of February, 1881, wearing the costly red vestments given him by pupils. It was the feast-day of the St. Valentine whose relics are kept in the church. "It was really a tremendous function, and his Eminence got through it capitally. Mass being at 8 a.m. just gave him a chance of doing it. . . ."[2] On Christmas Day, 1889, he said Mass for the last time. He repeated, translated, commented on the final prayer,

[1] *Tablet*, 18 Oct. 1890. Appendix V. [2] Fr. H. Bellasis.

THE CARDINAL'S PRIVATE CHAPEL, 1879-90

"O God, our refuge, and our strength," as being so courageous, so full of confidence.[1]

In October, 1876, looking upwards, he spoke as though he felt the existence of an impending religious crisis: "Something is coming but not in my day. I suppose at the time of our Lord's coming there was a general expectation that something was to happen."

The most striking reading by Dr. Newman was that of the opening of St. John's Gospel on Christmas Day, and "very touching" is a note of the verses, "Not every one that saith to Me, Lord, Lord," to the close of Chapter VII, and of verse 15 to the end of Chapter XI, "for My yoke is sweet". It was "marvellous reading".[2]

As all the New Testament outside the Epistles and Apocalypse was read by him to the school every Sunday, year after year, a clear idea of the force, depth, and variety, without effort, in the inflections was obtainable, to say nothing about the weekly addresses, not remembered in detail, in St. Philip's Chapel, Sunday after Sunday, during the simultaneous sermon going on in the church, his own remarks closing on a signal that the inaudible ones elsewhere were over. I heard two of his *Sermons on Various Occasions*. *The Pope and the Revolution*, on Rosary Sunday, 1866, was given from the marble steps outside the Sanctuary, and when the words "a large foreign force" were reached, he looked up darkly from his manuscript, stamped his foot, and

[1] Fr. Neville.

[2] Dr. Ryder's Sermon, see *Tablet*, Aug. 1890. Cardinal Manning quoted from this text in a birthday book, appending his signature by request, Cardinal Newman also, with the text, "Come out from among them and I will receive you". He was particular about quoting from the Douai version after 1845. Like Mechlin Chant, it is (is it not?), in a sense, "Household Words".

gave out the pithier description, "robbers".[1] I also heard *In the World, not of the World*—on Mr. Hope-Scott, at Farm Street Church, London, in May, 1873. It was not read, and I took imperfect note of what he said. One phrase is recalled, "We all know what a good Catholic he was". He came up to Archbishop Manning for the blessing, prior to entering the pulpit (then conveniently on the Epistle side next the sacristy door), though, I believe, none is given to the living at Requiems, as a whisper explained. The rapidity with which he was ready, although, he says, an "unready man," with *The Tree Beside the Waters*, preached at the funeral of Dr. Weedall, and with the eight hundred lines of the *Dream*, written in three weeks, despite interruptions, is remarkable,[2] but in the *Idea's* Preface, he notes the wear and tear of a mind that has to write under continual pressure. Writing to Phillipps de Lisle, he will not take any credit for the effect of the sermon on Our Lady, one published by Longmans in 1849, in *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*. "I do not know in what terms to answer your glowing letter, which has only this drawback on the beauty with which it is written, that it is expended upon me. The truth is simply, that you have coloured my sermon by your own devotional feelings, and you give me the credit of what is your own. However, it is not less pleasant to have such affectionate words from you, tho' I have gained them by false pretences and strut about in stolen feathers; and I value them exceedingly. They are a memorial, I trust, that we are both children of Mary—you, because you have liked what I have said of her;

[1] *Tablet*, 18 Oct. 1890. [2] See Appendix VII, 4.

I, because I have said it. And may she bless us both, you in your wide field of influence, amid your primæval rocks under your bright sun, and with your holy monks —and mine in Birmingham amid our labyrinth of lanes and beneath our firmament of smoke." An Oratorian, one day visiting a family, learnt that they had been to St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, and had heard the Cardinal preach to a large congregation. It was on the 21st of August, 1881, the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption, the festival also of St. Joachim (father of the Blessed Virgin), the feast-day, too, of Leo XIII (Joachim Pecci), then promulgating an extraordinary Jubilee, with prayers for his intentions. The Cardinal dwelt on the effect of prayer as being "parallel to a vessel keeping her course against wind and tide". The mother of the family, though very deaf was, strange to say, the one to give an account, first of his reading the Epistle, and then of his voice and look as he began—and the voice overcame her. Rising for the Gospel, she found many around her in tears. The Gospel over, her one thought was, "she could wish for no more," yet presently found herself listening to the whole sermon.[1]

In November, 1885, I heard him speak from the pulpit on the Education question, and on the course apparently taken up by a great party in the country, and "so very dreadful," of an exclusion of God and religion from the schools. His final appearance therein was on the occasion of Leo XIII's sacerdotal jubilee, duly celebrated at the Oratory, on New Year's Day, 1888. The church was decorated in white and yellow, the

[1] Fr. Neville.

Papal colours, with the Pope's armorials and many flowers; and the sermon was succinct and to the point. He began: "I have no intention of delivering a sermon, because I feel I am not equal to it. But when I found that so many zealous and devout hands were employed in preparing the church for the great event which we are celebrating, I thought it would be better to do something inferior than to say nothing, and then to leave the result to the Providence of God." I heard his last semi-public words, addressed to a deputation of the Catholic Truth Society, on the 1st or 2nd of July, 1890. The meeting was in the Recreation Room at the Oratory, some six weeks before his death.

III.

On St. Philip's Day, instead of a sermon, he read, year after year, Bacci's account of the Saint's death, until, at length, it was read for him, as it affected him too much. "I would like to write a life of St. Philip before I die," he said one day. He first knew his rule at Oriel from an English translation found at Oxford, and printed there in 1687. "He had read and collected much material." His plan would have been "a record of aspects of the Saint on which his mind had often dwelt".[1] He wrote to Provost Northcote in April, 1854: "I should like nothing better than to do it myself, for I want to see a life of him written which is *not* devotional, but historical". He prepared in Rome an office of St. Philip's heart, so miraculously enlarged in the Catacombs, a special circumstance, but it went no

[1] Fr. Neville. Ricci's edition of Bacci's *Life*, Rome, 1670; Sonzonio's *Life*, by a Venetian Oratorian, 1727; Volpi's *Apologia* for the Life of St. Philip, Padua, 1740, are mentioned in this connection.

further. Another reference to this event in the Saint's life is seen on a school circular, bearing a heart inflamed beneath the sacred emblem of the Dove, over all a scroll, thereon the legend, *Salve Cor Sacrum Philippi juventutem amans.* Along with relics of the Founder of the "Company," St. Ignatius Loyola, many of his followers, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Jane de Chantal, in the three reliquaries on his private altar, were *præcordia* of St. Philip, while a beautiful prayer of his own to the Sacred Heart is preserved in his *Meditations and Devotions.* A heart beneath three stars, the Saint's armorials,[1] appears on letters from Maryvale. Three hearts, too, form part of the charge on the Cardinal's father's seal,[2] while *COR* (*C*ongregatio *O*ratorii *R*ednal) is upon altar linen there. Finally, as to mottoes, there is the personal choice, *Cor ad cor loquitur*, otherwise the variant, *Cor cordi loquitur.* For him in December, 1876, "fancy heraldry was as dry eating as a wyvern or a unicorn"; but on a small paper, *A Glimpse of Social Life at Kendal in the Last Century*, he wrote in January, 1877: "I read it twice with great attention. Those minute home narratives have always a great attraction for me, and you did your work well. The one criticism I should like to make is that your composition wanted point." How he set store by ordinary book notices is seen on being sent some contradictory critiques of

[1] I.e. *azure, three etoiles of eight points argent*, seen *inside* the Birmingham Oratory, and *outside* the London Oratory.

[2] *Or, a fess dancette between three hearts gules*, dating from Charles II's reign and assignable to John Newman of London—thus to one bearing the same patronymic as the Cardinal, his father, and grandfather. A crest to another of the same name and period is a man in a red cap mounting a ladder to light a beacon.

one and the same juvenile work in March, 1880: "I enjoyed much and admired those fly-leaves . . . overwhelming you with praise and blame for the very same things, and showing what most of those notices are worth. The Yankee mistaking you [as author] for your dear Father was charming." And in October, 1874: "His mistaking you for your dear Father is just one of the felicitous touches which have marked his character, as far as I know it, all through his life. Next to this I laughed most heartily at your question, 'Who, who is B.?' His ignorance was the worse of the two because he did not even know it . . . it was quite refreshing to see such naïve ignorance on both sides." Criticism could be brief. In submitting the music of the *Two Worlds*, he said: "Poor is spelt 'pour,' that is all my criticism". The silent blessing, face averted, was still briefer.

A more tender, yet annihilating criticism of a friend was never written than his review of Mr. Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*, in the *Essays*. A perfect exposition of a beautiful book, there is no offence in it. He strikes without wounding, a hard literary feat, seldom accomplished.[1]

The Introduction to William Palmer of Magdalen's *Visit to a Russian Church*, with its *précis* of the Branch theory, and the touching notice to William Henry Wilberforce's *Church and the Empires*, a collection of Essays, recall how he had intended prefacing Fr. Pope's rendering of Cardinal Capecelatro's *Life of St. Philip Neri*, but changed his mind. He had meant to "rewrite" all himself the *Grammar of Assent* in the classic

[1] *Essays*, ii. John Keble. Appendix VII, 5.

Latin, admired of Leo XIII, and (with others helping) other works of which Richard H. Hutton wrote: "Where can we find an irony so keen and yet so delicate, a humour, at rare intervals, so full of genuine glee, a passion so pure and serene, a power of description so full of atmospheric brilliancy, an earnestness so persuasive because so simple and genuine, and a pathos so tender and profound?"[1] Where indeed? He had a mind to compile a *Catholic Prayer Book*, as Fr. Joseph Gordon had done the *Golden Manual*, but the posthumous collection of *Meditations and Devotions* was all that could be arranged for. He liked Fr. Albany Christie's *End of Man*, and wrote him about it in June, 1886. "It is a beautiful book and most persuasive if a sick soul is to be won over without effort to meditate. The ternary metre is like the chime of bells from a church tower, praising and proclaiming Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." In September, 1875, he referred to Fr. H. S. Bowden's *Miniature Lives of the Saints*. He had undertaken one or two out-of-the-way-ones, St. Macrina, St. Paula; in the event St. Macrina only appeared. And he had so felt the need of a *Catholic Dictionary*,[2] and before it came had thoughts of undertaking one. He liked Fr. Bridgett's *Defender of the Faith*, giving his copy with his own inscription.

Fr. Coleridge had asked for a contribution towards his *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton*. Acquiescing at first, he had a notion of making her, as he termed it, the central star of a "galaxy," in other words, the chief figure among a number of ladies, "whose lives, culture, grace, station, mutual intimacy, made them stand out most luminously". But the thought came to him that

[1] *Tablet*, 18 July, 1896. [2] Ed. Arnold, Addis, Scannell.

this might be a sort of "placing in the heavens" by himself. It sufficed to deter him. On consenting to write, he had conceived his idea spontaneously, and a beautiful one too. He would not take up with some other idea, and without the first he deemed his own contribution would be poor and tame.[1]

In his last days at his own request, a *Life of the Curé d'Ars* was read to him: "He listened to it from day to day with noticeable, almost reverential attention, seldom remarking on it till towards the close of the book, and then it was to express his displeasure and disappointment at the unsympathetic tone of mind towards the Curé's interests perceived in the biography. Interesting things to the Curé's credit had been ignored or not properly brought out." And "With regard to another person held in deep veneration, who died about a year and a half before himself, a life was read to him on the completion of the Curé's, but it had not the same interest for him. It lacked life and variety. He was always in good luck. Let him have a rebuff, it ever brought a tenfold harvest of good. There was a monotony in this to him, and the reading was broken off,"[2] about Don Bosco, Salesian Founder.

Of another kind of reading, he wrote to Fr. St. John in October, 1862: "I got yesterday *East Lynne*; and it has got more and more like medicine every page. I have taken half the first volume, and positively can't take any more. The characters are like figures cut by scissors out of paper. There is no dialogue. I suppose, if I read on, I should come to some agonizing scenes, which is just what I abhor."[3]

He agreed about giving the preference to *David*

[1] Fr. Neville. [2] *Ibid.* [3] Appendix VII, 6.

Copperfield among Dickens' novels. In poetry, he said of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, in the 'sixties: "You will never regret having learnt one of the most beautiful poems in the English language". And in November, 1870: "As to Beattie, I never exactly praised his *Hermit*, but rather smiled at it. Johnson, however, is very unjust to Gray. It is quite true that he is elaborate, but he is very classical and very beautiful. What he wants is depth. There is more to carry one away in Wordsworth's famous Ode on the Reminiscences of Childhood, or in the Happy Warrior, than in all that Gray has written," and on my objecting that the so-called *Elegy* had surely much feeling, he was not to be driven away from his apparently formed judgment about Gray. "You are quite right," he wrote in March, 1871, "that Gray's *Elegy* is an exception to his cold classicality. So I recollected after my letter was gone. Well, and his *Eton College* is another exception—still he generally is polished, perfect, and unimpressive." His acquaintance with English Literature was, seemingly, considerable. He quoted from the *Rolliad* as easily as from the *Essay on Man*, so "well done," he thought, in the editing, by his friend, Mark Pattison. "As to Coleridge, he always seems to me under the influence of opium." So he wrote in November, 1870.

His love of Scott extended to a journey to Barnard Castle with Fr. Neville in order to visit the *locale* of *Rokeby*, the Cardinal knowing the poem well—by no means the Wizard of the North's best; but Fr. Newman loved poem and poet; that was enough. He writes in March, 1850: "Thalaba has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—I don't know Spenser—I mean morally sublime. And his poems end, not with a marriage, but with death and future glory. The

versification of Thalaba is most melodious, too many persons will not observe that they are reading blank verse. To single out particular passages as 'They sin who tell us,' etc. (in Kehama), is surely to evince an insensibility of the real merit of such poems—they are epics, not a string of sonnets or epigrams. . . . In the winter of 1812-13 I read Kehama and got it well-nigh by heart. . . ."[1]

He admitted his own indebtedness for style to Cicero's *Academics*. Of Gibbon he said to two pupils he was "coaching" about 1870: "What power! I dreamt of the style," and while reciting to two pupils a well-known passage from the *Autobiography* was unable to finish. He wrote also in November, the same year, of "the long majestic march of Dryden, which has always delighted me more than the style of any English poet. It is quite cruel that he should have defiled what is so grand and beautiful with sentiments and ideas which oblige one to turn away from it in disgust—for as regards power of words, I prefer him even to Shakespeare. There is a power, a momentum in his verse which makes one understand why he was called 'glorious John'."

There is a Father of the Church whom he placed high for style, St. Athanasius. But what was style without something to say? He loved St. Athanasius for other things than admiration for his style. On his way to Rome in 1856 he went out of his way to Venice to pray at the shrine of St. Athanasius, on whose feast day, three years later, at the instance, or with the concurrence, of some thirty of the laity, he opened a

[1] He doesn't like "extracts" from his writings, but submits to two issues of selections. For how can the "general reader" go through, call them, forty volumes?—for motors are in the field, I mean on the road. Allen's ed.; K. Paul's ed. (W. S. Lilly).

AMBROSE ST. JOHN

school at the Oratory. The detour was made at great inconvenience. His time was limited, "his strength worn out by the day and night diligence". Fr. St. John's impression was of the Father Superior being "extraordinarily" wrapt in prayer. It "was a lasting happiness to him that this act of homage to St. Athanasius had been within his reach. So absorbed did he seem in prayer . . . that 'all surroundings,' as he put it, had been lost to him, and when questioned on his return home, he could only say that the relics (so he was told) were about the altar."[1]

His new edition of the Saint's *Select Treatises* he wished to be among his best works, whereas, he said in 1879, it was in the way of becoming his worst, owing to the unavoidable interruption of the journey to Rome.

IV.

Loreto took the first place among shrines, and not doubting everything (in approved fashion), he said, if it pleased the Almighty to remove the Holy House, it could be done. Mr. J. M. Capes' article in the *Rambler*, 1851, was "good" and "interesting". The "*material*" of the building, like to what is found at Nazareth, and "the antecedent probability," since "the evidence is so small," so he tells the writer, should have been gone into more fully.

He was hurt at the suggestion that for him to go to Lourdes would be beneficial and "tell well": his notion seems to have been this. He did not deem it likely that with his life-long deep attachment and devotion to

[1] Fr. Neville. "We saw St. Marco and kissed the tomb of St. Athanasius at St. Zaccaria," he wrote from Florence, in January, 1856.

the Blessed Virgin under one invocation, she would be more powerful in his regard elsewhere under another.[1]

His trust in St. Anthony of Padua was "downright". As to the finding of witnesses in 1852 for the trial of the following year, he said: "We had a Novena to St. Anthony, and St. Anthony kept for us what he had found". Repeatedly he fell back on St. Anthony after a fruitless search.[2] He drew some distinction between a real loss and a temporary mislaying, though it would be hard to say what it precisely was. If you said you had lost something, the inevitable "you mean mislaid" followed. Was it that St. Anthony was not to be lightly, hourly invoked? It is all I can make of the distinction. He once lent an old green baize fiddle-bag, worth, say, sixpence. Later on it could not be found, and whenever there was a question of lending aught else, you were met with, "I think I once lent you a green baize bag".

V.

It was a loss not to have the portraits of the Saints. When looking at the likenesses of friends and others, he would dwell on the good qualities they suggested to his mind.[3] On occasion of a reference to his brother Francis' portrait in his room, in December, 1880, he said: "Ah! it was there. I wonder what has become of it?" "Had I known him?" etc. "I wonder whether his state of mind will last. At one time he had a great love for our Lord, and went out with others to Persia in an Apostolical destitution." He wrote word in October, 1874, after giving me the portrait: "In the room next to mine is a likeness of Brownson which some one sent

[1] Fr. Neville. [2] *Ibid*, [3] *Ibid*.

me from America. Not that I have anything to do with him, for he began, on my conversion, by writing fiercely against me because I had not been converted just in the same way in which he had been converted a year before me himself.[1] Many years after he confessed he had made a mistake, and therefore I respect and like him, because he is an honest man." He showed me, 22 October, 1877, by his bedside, on the left (or north) wall, John Keble, by Richmond, which he highly praised; it was as though he were about to speak. Below this was Maria Giberne's portrait of himself and Fr. St. John, noted as "quaint and old in appearance". A photograph of Fr. Joseph Gordon, too, was shown as being "a very good one," the gift of Mrs. Bethell. Over the mantelpiece were Mr. Monsell (Lord Emly) and Maria Giberne of the Visitation. He sat by the bedside. "Pusey would not be taken." Then, pointing to the portraits, "but they are all gone now". Of Dr. Fabian Evans (then among the portraits), he wrote in September, 1873: "He would never take a fee. I had done nothing to merit such rare kindness. All I have been able to do is to pray for his soul." Among other portraits, etc., were the great William

[1] I.e. against the *Essay on Development*. With reference thereto, and to his taking a position in any School of Theology in Rome, when not a Catholic much over a year, he wrote in a letter to Dr. Wiseman, 14 Feb. 1847, only partly cited in *Wiseman*, i. 453-8: ". . . it is very inexpedient for a person like me, a convert, and a writer (and so pledged in a way to certain opinions) to be a theological professor or the like," and as to lack of "support" in undertaking theology, "I am not blaming this . . . under the circumstances. I would gladly find out the traditions and submit to the decisions of Rome on the subject of development—whenever those traditions and that decision (if ever) appear. . . ."

Wilberforce, his son Robert, Canon Walker, of Scarborough, Sir John Simeon, James R. Hope-Scott, "one of those persons whom I love most in the world," as he wrote in 1873, Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, of whom he also wrote in March, 1873, and as it is not in his *Memorials* and illustrates simplicity and felicity in the expression of what he felt, it is given here: "Of course, while I have memory I can never forget your dear Father. He was a real joy to all who knew him, his presence diffusing his own beautiful self, as if an illumination or a fragrance all around him. He was so simple, so happy, and so affectionate. It is an extreme trial for his children—but he lives to us all in the past and in the future. It cannot be that we shall not see him again, as he was, but perfected, if we be worthy, if only we persevere, as he has persevered—for it comes home to the mind not only by an act of faith, but as a spontaneous assurance, that such excellence, so individual and specific, can never die."

Later on, Fr. St. John, Fr. Edward Caswall, Edward L. Badeley, Canon Frederick Oakeley, Charles Kerr, Abbé Charles Robert of Rouen, Francis Wootten, Mrs. W. Froude (*née* Houldsworth), Mrs. Poncia, etc., appeared. Over the mantelpiece were Leo XIII, Archbishop Ullathorne, the Duke of Norfolk, etc. In the next room, looking north, where he died, over the mantelpiece was Dean Church: there was one portrait to be expected on the wall, but not there; that of Henry William Wilberforce. The family, however, were well represented by his father, the great William Wilberforce, and his brother, the Archdeacon, author of the classic treatise on the *Incarnation*. In the *Apologia* Robert Wilberforce and Hurrell Froude

EDWARD CASWALL

are the two probationer fellows with whom Newman was most familiar at Oxford in the 'thirties, and on a first reading, you expect a description of the one as pendant to the brilliant portrait of the other, but none comes. There was hardly a closer early friend than Henry Wilberforce, save John Bowden and Frederick Rogers. On his death in April, 1873, Fr. Newman unwillingly, for he writes that he felt it so, attended the funeral at Woodchester, Stroud, and a letter records the occasion :—

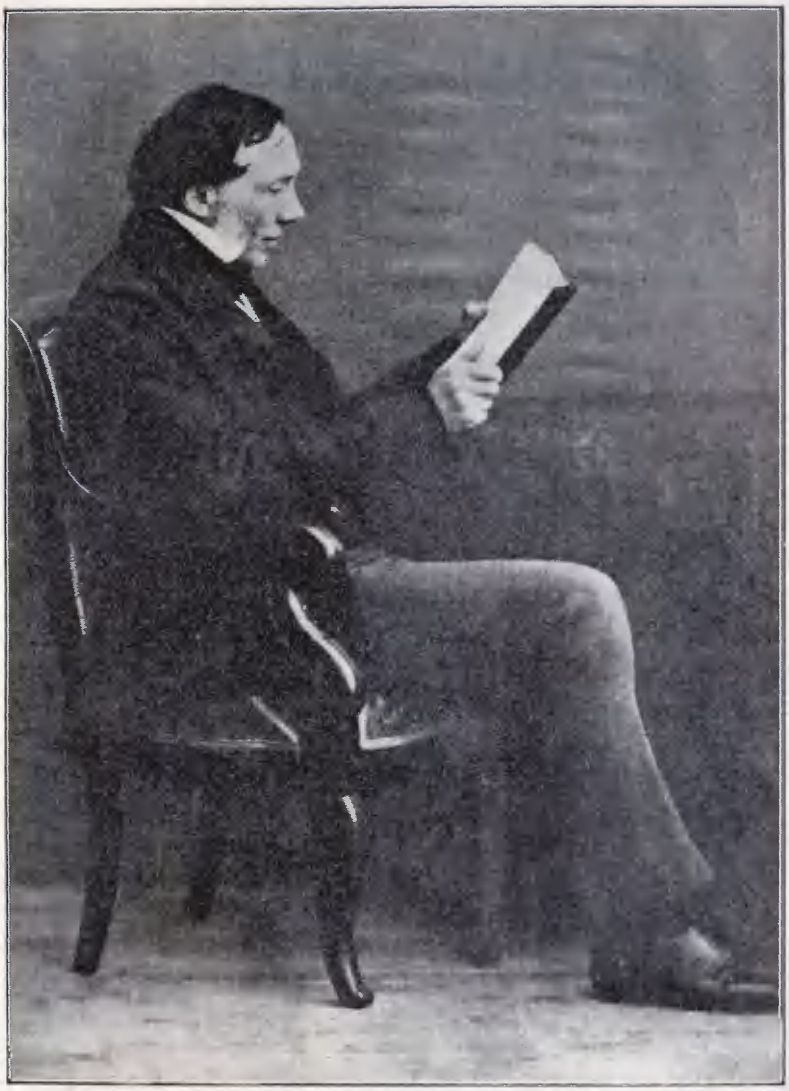
"During the office a venerable figure came quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on the chairs at the side; but Henry saw and took him into the sacristy; whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall . . . the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was incapable of speaking. . . . At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us 'that he knew him so intimately, and loved him so much that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been unexpectedly asked to do, viz. to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years. . . .' Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort, and all that this world calls good, in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement 'if he had been an ambitious man,' when the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become—here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head again, finished his sentence —'a fool for Christ's sake'. . . . His grief, his simple

unstudied language, and gentle voice were inexpressibly touching."[1] I was glad to be at the Cardinal's last sitting to Millais, for his own portrait.[2]

VI.

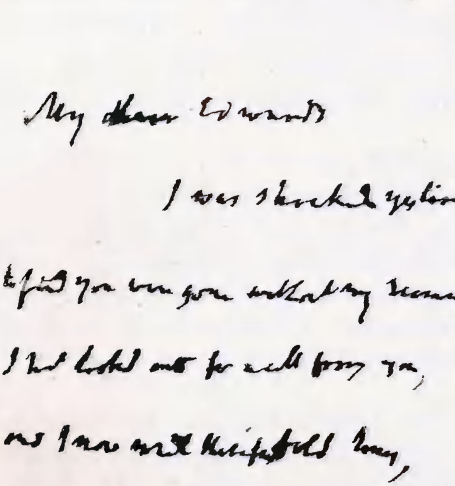
While he valued the portraits of proved personal friends, he set store by their letters. The task of correspondence, he remarked one day, interfered with sociability and the amenities of life. He hoped to become "more of the gentleman" herein, but found letter-writing in the way, and "burdensome," and on my suggesting a secretary, replied that he had no official position, while not to write in person might offend. In August, 1854, Fr. St. John refers to the "Father" being overworked by the *Gazette*, and the University, writing some fifty letters in two days; and wishes he would have a secretary. On knocking at his door one morning, 7 April, 1887, the usual quick, firm answer came, "Come in". He was sorting a sea of papers on the floor. "Don't walk over them. Take a seat." "Can I help you?" "Not at all." I should have understood had he bade me begone. But there was no visible impatience at what must have been a tiresome interruption.[3] Admitting their use in the *Apologia*, he agreed that on the whole it was sad work looking over old letters. "I do not like to destroy them. I am like Hagar who would not see Ishmael die." So Keble's letters went to Keble College. His own notably adapt themselves to the age, calibre, and station of each, but his letters to dull people are dull. One characteristic is the recurrence of "Don't mention this" even with regard to trifling matters. A coming "visit to London" must not be repeated, but that was understandable—how many might be expecting

[1] *Tablet*, April, 1873. [2] Appendix VII, 7. [3] *Ibid.* 8.



ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE

to see him ; how many there he would love to see either for themselves or because he loved their parents. But, say, a walk to Rowley Regis on the hill, oh, don't say I mustn't mention that ; or "burn this" seems rather hard on the owner of the sole autograph. If Lacordaire destroyed all letters received, as a recipient of his own told me, it were for edification rather than imitation? Pleased at fifteen to get a note from him, there came the humbling postscript, "I have directed to you Esq.! tell Mama to pardon me if I have made a little man of you".



The child likes to be thought a man; how many a man, given the choice, would prefer to be, at least in spirit, a child again?[1]

VII.

We youths saw him fairly often. Nothing interested him more than higher education. Tutorship, he deemed, despite Provost Hawkins, "a pastoral charge of the most intimate kind".[2] Herein, as an Oratorian, he will only allow himself to have held "the second or the third place," since Winchester and Westminster scholars held for nigh the first fifteen years the "First Prefect—or Head-master-ship". In fact, he was rather a Provost of the School. Multifarious engagements notwithstanding, he long examined each form once

[1] The only note I got from him at school was in June, 1870, about getting to Frome by rail "in the least time". One, dated 7 June, 1889 (in the *Month* of June, 1913), may on re-examination be 1880, when for a time the writing was shaky. That of (14) Nov. 1887, the last received, runs: "I was shocked to find yesterday you were gone without my knowing. I had looked out for a call from you, and I now write these few lines to express my sorrow as better than nothing."

[2] *Addresses and Replies*, 1879-81. His Books on Education were originally entitled *The Scope and Nature of University Education; or University Teaching considered in its Abstract Scope and Nature—The Office and Work of Universities; or University Teaching considered in a series of Historical Sketches*—and *Lectures and Essays on University Subjects; or University Teaching considered in certain portions of its Subject-matter*, and three small volumes, as published by Longmans. In the Christmas-tide of 1867-8 he paid a sick call with Fr. St. John at 202 Monument Road, Birmingham, bringing me the first, with the remark that I would understand it better when I was older, and inscribed as "a token of kindness and consolation in his unseasonable illness".

I have a pen which writes so badly that it reacts upon my composition & my spelling. How odd this is! But it is true. I think best when I write. I cannot in the same way think while I speak. Some men are brilliant in conversation, others in public speaking — others find their minds act best, when they have a pen

in their hands. But then, if it is a bad

pen? a steel pen? that is my case with

now - and then I fancy my brain would

work - much as I wish it.

Therefore you must take pity

on me, and send me a better answer

than I a question

a month; took classes in Terence and Plautus; coached one or two for degrees; gave the prizes; and saw each pupil singly at the term's end for report.

In 1862 he is deprecating that people should "ask of a person who is past sixty . . . to turn schoolmaster"; yet he was often writing to many parents; not above suppressing a short-lived school paper yclept *The Weekly Wasp*; stopping allowances till "broken panes" were paid for, and giving it, once, on appeal, against the butter.

VIII.

The stranger who came to discuss deep and abstract questions, perfectly treated in publications, less so in correspondence, would not, perhaps, enjoy his visit so much as he that broached ordinary topics, including the favourite subject of weather. Or, for example, say you referred to going to court, this, as in a note of March, 1874, might elicit, "Had you to walk backwards?" "I think best when I write," he declares, 11 March, 1871. "I cannot, in the same way, think while I speak." None need fear going to him if he or his people were known to him or had a friend's introduction; still less if they would try—it might be difficult—to be simple, natural, unaffected, as he preferred to be himself: as when he came over to say a word or two to a little server in the sacristy and gave expression to a sense of tension felt in waiting for the arrival of a Bishop. Here, then, is one who can, but does not want to be, ever arguing; one whose *Dream* for all time will outlast *The Tracts for the Times*, despite the good that some, of deep import, have effected. Here is one who for all his genius is the last to look down upon you for not being clever, or learned, or a coiner of "unreal words," and you,

eschewing airs of any kind, may be rewarded or startled on a visit by, "As they say sometimes in America, I guess I'm chock," or "We've had enough of (so and so's) gooseberry"; or be condoled with over confusion about curaçoa or maraschino, "I never know which it is"; or be playfully put at your ease when he was engaged with, "No doubt you will be here long enough to be interviewed," or be quietly paid out, if you half praised a thing, with a playful, "Of course, we know they didn't do so well as when you were in it"; or hear slyly interjected the disturbing question, "How about oyster soup?" in the midst of a learned dissertation on vegetarianism by his brother, an expert on the subject; or see a country caller, a Nonconformist Minister, confounded with charitable service by his Eminence kneeling to wipe his boots with a handkerchief.[1]

In conversing it was noticed that he would look up in the air, much as Dean Church would do, when listening to you, and coming in with phrases, "It is so," or "There's much in what you say," in a gentle tone. Nothing could be sweeter, more natural than his smile, and after a laugh, a slight echo thereof would ensue, as though accompanying the idea passing away, to make room for other topics. These could be varied enough in their matter as in the manner of telling. Thus: "I remember

[1] This was at Rednal, "a most beautiful spot," three or four acres, bought in August, 1854, by gifts from friends in England and America. In August, 1856, after the "cottage" had been built, a small mortuary chapel, since erected, was arranged for, to be built from funds given for the purpose. The demesne was further extended up the Lickey Hill by a purchase,—out of proceeds from the edition of the Anglican *Sermons*, including those on *Subjects of the Day*, with Prefaces by Mr. Copeland, "one of the kindest of friends," who would not accept anything for all his editing.

being carried by my nurse, and with my father and mother seeing Nelson's funeral by water"; or "I recollect an old ferryman (at Twickenham) of about ninety, who said, 'They talk a great deal about a Mr. Pope, but he was nobody of any importance, and a very small insignificant little man'"; or anent cloud scenery (at Oxford), "most mysterious," whereof the poets, save Wordsworth, said little; or about any removal of Queen Anne's statue in front of St. Paul's being disrespectful, "But what if they put up a better? The present one has no historic interest of any kind;" or as to the Highlander's Gaelic song in the Dingwall train, "Had you reason to believe he was blessing you?" or "I would rather have a talk with the old gentleman than lecture on Bain"; or on a popular historian and the Oxford Movement, "He knows nothing about it"; or as to a Society's connection with another concern falling through, the characteristically firm, "I am glad of it, for in that case my interest in the Society would cease"; or of John of Tuam, "He's a wonderful old man"; or about a Southern people's occasional method, "While you prate they chop your head off"; or as to Mr. Gladstone's conversational powers, "I should say he rather discourses"; or the answer, after some one had told him his own literary way, "I cannot knock anything off";[1] or of a young writer's "special dangers" in intellectual circles; or the fact that "young ladies like novels damp from the press"; or anent Mill writing this or that, "But what has he done"; or on hearing of a friend being a Conservative, "I could not vote for Disraeli, that would go

[1] "I wrote and re-wrote and put the thing away from me," he said of the Gladstone pamphlet. "There are so many ways of saying a thing, and what you say may be taken so many different ways."

against the grain" ;[1] or as to any expert bibliographical knowledge, "I know nothing about books"; or as to Goldsmith not describing Johnson in *Retaliation*, "He was the King"; or the paradox, "No one has more time than the Queen"; or the venerable citation from an Epic anent old Oxford friends, given with sadness and looking on the hearth-rug, *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* Not but what there was some summer in his season, some sun at his casement, for all he thought with St. John about the world collectively. A man so many-sided had resources, and to spare, enabling him to dismiss quickly, so it seemed to me, controversies and "tragedies"; to be bright and winning, at call, on the natural side. As for the supernatural, hidden or no, you felt it to be there, "the predominant partner". He seemed to know very many things; to be interested in learning of you what he knew nothing about. There were some peculiar expressions and pronunciations from an earlier Georgian age. Dome was pronounced "doom," and wraps were "wrops"; averse to was "averse from," upset, "overset". He was once rallied for saying "stop-shift" for "stop-gap". The recurring "Tell me before I forget" seemed to tell of a throng of ideas within.

His companion, on a walk, was bound to be puffed, for, like Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman went at a speed denoting will and purpose. A full stop preceded a sudden turn. An unobjectionable question might secure a slackening

[1] Heard as I followed my father and Dr. Newman upstairs on the former's arrival. Part of the *gravamen*, I fancied, would be that he was not an Oxford man, "an outsider," or an "adventurer who got on," his own expression. He was much amused—on Gladstone citing, in the House, verses on the Straits of Malacca—at Disraeli apologizing for having to reply in prose; and delighted to know father was "an old Tory".

of pace. Otherwise one were shy of asking him to go slower. A real reply to an unwelcome query was, "The pavement is covered with asphalt". It were better to avoid too large a question such as "How about India?" that once disturbed an Anglo-Indian civilian.

A Bishop once told the Cardinal this—recounted to him by an aged nun. A boatful of religious, including herself, had fled from France in the Reign of Terror, and landed at Brighton, where the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, came to the beach, and handed each of them from the boat with such tender, respectful reverence that they had all lived in confidence of his salvation. It was a simple, childlike, and charitable thought, and the prelate, recounting it all with just a touch of humour, the Cardinal, with pleased wonder and earnest inquiry, exclaimed, "What if it has told for something in the other world?" "It would need a master-painter's hand," writes his devoted Secretary, "to pourtray that life which the Cardinal's attitude at the moment, the expression of his eyes, his countenance, and joyously pathetic utterance gave to those simple words."[1]

And now in ending these "writings by the way," nothing has been said about what cannot be treated *obiter*, what is best told by himself; but with respect to the Oxford scheme, he did say it was "a great relief" and "all for the best" not having to go there,—in old age, too, and in so different a relation to the University, where he had been esteemed in hey-day.

I saw him at the Oratory, 12 November, 1889, and 8 January, 1890. Referring to the (extinct) term "Newmanite," he said that but for his friend's change of

[1] See Mrs. Fitzherbert's *Memoirs* as to the King's generosity towards refugees. Fr. Neville. Appendix VII, 9.

surname, the (living) term of "Puseyite" might have been different. In January he repeated his preference for Euripides over Sophocles, and imparted his blessing.

Above twenty years before, in March, 1871, when seventy years old, he wrote as to how he felt the passage of time. "Thank you for your affectionate greetings on my birthday, which was on Shrove Tuesday—so you were not very much out. To me, apropos of what you say, the whole period of your (to you) long life is as a day—for the reason you have given, because I have been without history or sensible change—and you have grown up from an unintelligent baby to a tall youth. And if God gives you a long life, you will, at the end of it, feel yourself what I now express that ten years ago is as yesterday, as the pebbles at the bottom of a river seem close to you when it is clear."

In 1889 he remarked that youth could not realize the weariness of old age. He himself could feel a sort of exultation at the thought of dying. The words St. Philip used were *Paratus sum et non sum turbatus*, but he was not going to say them. He was not St. Philip. So St. Philip in like manner would not say what St. Martin had said, *Nec mori timeo nec vivere recuso.* "God has never failed me" was often said and written.[1]

And in sympathy he was ready. In a small matter of a play's postponement he took the trouble to write in February, 1867: "We are very sorry for it, and I can well understand what a great disappointment it must be to you. You must bear it well and religiously, and recollect that life is made up of disappointments from first to last, and that, by bearing this well, you will have got some practice in bearing well such other disappointments

[1] See Mozley, *Corr.* ii. 482, in corroboration.

WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE

and worse, which, if God loves you, will certainly befall you. Offer it to Him and be cheerful. We all send our love to you."

He preferred to be an Englishman, though deeming England "the paradise of little men and the purgatory of great ones"[1]—with the μῦθος about you lying in wait, from which few have suffered more, which every biographer must try and avoid, since reminiscences may colour, contemporary notes be inaccurate.[2] Yet, these "writings by the way" may add some touches to a portrait drawn nigh to fifty years ago, when "the January number of the Magazine was sent to me, I know not by whom, whether friend or foe". "It was a kind and friendly act in you to send me the number of Macmillan," so the author of the *Apologia* wrote in February, 1864, to Canon Robert Pope of Harrogate. This led to *A Correspondence on the question whether Dr. Newman teaches that Truth is no Virtue* and a reply thereto, in 1864, with the second title, in 1865, of *A History of my Religious Opinions.*

The *Apologia* was begun at Rednal, but continued and completed at Edgbaston, where these "writings by the way" on a great man whom, if he loved you, you fain must love in return, will now end their journeyings by the banks of the Rea, betwixt the Lickies and Clent, Oscott and Maryvale, the scene of his Catholic life, early and late.[3] 1913-16.

[1] *Discussions and Arguments*, 343, 4th ed. 1882. Art. 5, *Who's to Blame.* A pregnant criticism of his countrymen in peace and war, showing them to be the foes of an over-officialism, secret and foreign to English genius and initiative, but not then overspreading the land.

[2] Appendix VII, 10.

[3] Whether the fact that Oscott be spelt with two t's was the cause or no, the Cardinal invariably spells "Rednall".

THE MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE.

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea . . .
Can in a moment travel thither. . . .

—WORDSWORTH.

I.—THE IONIAN ISLANDS AND THE TWO SICILIES.

"Are these the tracks of some unearthly friend?"—Coach at Whitchurch—A start-off, of 6000 miles, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception B.V.M., 8th December, 1832—On the steamer *Hermes* for the historic sea—"The Bay" in storm and calm—Gibraltar—Tyre, Ancient and Modern, sung by Froude, Newman, and Keble—Mount Atlas, Algiers, Carthage, and Malta—The Ancient Fathers—View and colour in the Greek Seas and the Peloponnese—Patras and lovely Corfu—Riding—Return—Newman's *Call of David*—Froude's *Daniel*—On the steamer *San Francisco*, for "wondrous" Egesta.

IT was a notable six-months' voyage and more, in 1832-3, of over 6000 miles from Cornwall to the Ionian Islands and the Two Sicilies, taken for Hurrell Froude's health, and Mr. Newman agreed to join his friend, whose father Archdeacon Froude of Totnes, accompanied them. Mr. Froude and Mr. Newman were Fellows of Oriel College, men of genius, with religious aims in common; to be actively pursued on their return. Many voyagers have seen what they saw; fewer seen as they saw. And Mr. Newman, no mere sight-seer, says he was "not conscious of any largeness and expansion of mind from travelling,"[1] which he disliked.

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 372.

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GENERAL ROUTE OF THE VOYAGE OF 1832-3

My home is now a thousand miles away,
Yet in my thoughts its every image fair,
Rises as keen as I still linger'd there.[1]

He wrote this when only off Cape Trafalgar; and later, "I will never leave England again except on business. In this I feel unlike the generality of tourists, who get a taste for roving," but he allows he was "taking in stores of pleasure for many years to come,"[2] and has helped us to realize that this temporal scene, however beautiful, is still a veil across a spiritual—to him a deeper reality.[3]

On a holiday you are not primarily trying to please other people. You take an excursion to please yourself, else, enquires Dr. Newman, "why do you excur?"[4] And since a voyage is apt to grow monotonous, the voyagers, or one of them, chose to write verses daily. Dr. Newman's are many, mostly sonnets for his friend Rose, of Cambridge; Froude's are few, and, if not composed during the voyage, seem inspired thereby. Dr. Newman was wont to call them "a getting up steam". They are

[1] *Memory, xxxix. Verses.* His *Wanderings, xxxiii.*, recalls his discourse on St. Monica (*Occasional Sermons*), as well as a one-act play in the old "Prince of Wales'" drama. In the verse, a going away occasions a sense of loss: in the play a coming back, a sense of gain. Both voyagers return after illness and loneliness abroad; the man of the world to envy a second Vicar of Wakefield's quiet fireside; the man of the other world to disprize "the scenes I priz'd before". There was, however, nothing autobiographic in the Sermon, or in *Wanderings*, written when starting off at the Lizard. Both compositions merely note the ill effect of travel in some cases.

[2] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 331.

[3] Shades of being which are found
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground.
—*Substance and Shadow, xxxii. Verses.*

[4] Letter to Rev. A. St. John, 11 August, 1865.

what the voyage was—a movement hither and thither, and on momentous questions, then, as now, in the "garish day," and filling a politico-religious horizon apparently as boundless as the mid-Mediterranean seas.

Thus on entering the historic sea, Mr. Newman, anent Religion's claims, addressed England as "Tyre of the West" and "glorying in the name more than in Faith's pure fame".[1]

Froude was content to sing of Tyre of the East as fulfilling Ezekiel's prophecy. Was ever mathematician so poetic?

> Five fathom deep beneath the sea,
> Those halls have lain all silently,
> Naught listing save the mermaid's song.[2]

Mr. Newman took the down-mail at Whitchurch for Cornwall, and the 800-ton steamship *Hermes* he was going in abroad, none too swift despite its name, started on or about the present Festival of the Immaculate Conception B.V.M., since he was at Falmouth on the 7th and off the Lizard on the 8th of December, 1832.

[1] *England, xliii. Verses.* So Keble, the *United States* as "Tyre of the *Farther* West," where "Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods". *Lyra, cxl.* Wordsworth, too, notes how a State's reliance "on fleets and armies" is not enough,

> But from within proceeds a nation's wealth
> Which shall not fail.

(*Sonnet*, 3rd ed. 1870, 99), while store is set by "lives consecrated to labour and to pray'r, to nature and to heaven".

[2] *Lyra, cxli.* It has two Alexandrines worthy of her Conqueror's name. Ezekiel, xxvi. 5; Keble also, *supra*, "Nations, thick as waves, burst o'er her walls, to ocean doom'd and fire". Canon Beeching's edition of the *Lyra* only needs *all* the variants for text and titles in Newman's verse to be near perfection.

Keble's *xlii.*, Williams' *cxiii.* are given to Newman (δ), ed. 1864.

It was an 8-days' run to Gibraltar, the ship at one time "heaving up and down, to and fro, in an endless, meaningless motion";[1] at another, in "a perfect sea of glass showing the reflection of the stars".[2]

Gibraltar's rock "has a magnificent outline, very sharp in the ridge. . . . It is coloured with all sorts of hues—grey, red, white, and green. . . . The water is so clear we can see plainly . . . innumerable fish. . . . Before us lay the range of African mountains . . . conical and independent like waves . . . the Atlas distinctly, covered with snow."

Steaming along the African shore, Mr. Newman observed: "Consider how the coasts of the Mediterranean have been the seat and scene of the most celebrated empires and events which are in history. . . . Here the Romans and Carthaginians fought; here the Phoeniceans traded; here Jonah was in the storm; here St. Paul was shipwrecked; here the great Athanasius voyaged to Rome." Again, after Algiers: "we neared Cape Bon and saw the track to Carthage. . . . I thought of the Phoeniceans, Tyre, of the Punic wars, of Cyprian and the glorious Churches now annihilated; the two headlands looked the same as now. . . . I am greatly wearied by the gale we encountered."[3]

> Wave rear'd on wave its godless head,
> While my keen bark by breezes sped,
> Dash'd fiercely thro' the ocean bed,
> And chaf'd towards its goal.[4]

"I care little for sea-sickness itself," was his prose

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 287. [2] Guiney's *Richard Hurrell Froude*, 79.
[3] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 294, 298, 303, 306.
[4] *The Haven*, *xl. Verses.*

comment, "but the attendances on it . . . the sympathy which all things . . . have with it . . . chairs, tables . . . are moving, moving, up and down, up and down, swing, swing. A tumbler turns over, knife and fork go, wine is spilt . . . you go on talking and eating as fast as you can . . . you get into your berth at last, but the door keeps banging, you lie down, and now . . . the noise of the bulkheads . . . creaking, clattering, shivering, and dashing . . . motion . . . epicyclical . . . the bilge water in the hold, a gale puts it all in motion . . . hail and sleet . . . a lee shore . . . a coast without a harbour in it. . . . About two in the morning the engines stopped. . . . I am sore all over with the tossing and very stiff, and so weak that at times I can hardly put out a hand. . . . But my spirits have never given way for an instant and I laughed when I was most indisposed."

The voyagers arrived at Malta, tersely described by Mr. Newman as "a literal rock of yellowish brown". The Greeks had "fine countenances" and "graceful dresses". Their heathen and Christian ancestry, combined with subjection to the Turks, made him "very melancholy, but the power . . . which formed an Origen or an Athanasius can transform them too. Fancy," he continued, "being rowed in an open boat without a great-coat on a December evening and not feeling cold. The sun went down gloriously and the sky was of an indescribable gold colour. . . . The bells are beautiful here . . . deep and sonorous, and they have been going on all the morning, to me very painfully. . . . Ah! those sad bells, there they are again."[1]

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 306, 307, 310-12.

I hear the tuneful bells around,
The blessed tow'rs I see,
A stranger in a foreign ground,
They peal a fast for me.[1]

Newman was probably homesick, the weather during wearisome quarantine "garish," and the Catholic surroundings novel. They went on their way to Corcyra,

Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway,
And restless as its waters.[2]

Then as Gray, in rejected lines, amid his churchyard musings, listened to "the sacred calm that breathes around," so Mr. Newman, writing verse in his cabin, and "called upon deck" finds a "scene is spread before you as if by magic. . . . I am now in the Greek sea" of Acarnania and Cephalonia, beautiful as the names. In Froude's vivid lines, Mr. Newman and his friend seem described off Ithaca, resting on Ulysses' "barren, huge rock . . . with deep ravines":—

OLD SELF.

I list the splash, so clear and chill
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar,
I watch the waves that rippling still,
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

NEW SELF.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar,
No dreamy sound of sadness comes to me;
And yon fresh waves that beat upon the shore,
How merrily they splash, how merrily.[3]

New Self may be Froude at this time; Old Self, Mr.

[1] *Christmas without Christ* [i.e. in quarantine], *xlix. Verses.*
[2] *Corcyra, lvi. Lyra.*
[3] *Lyra, lxxix.* Mozley, *Corr.* i. 314, 318.

Newman, who would "mourn for the delicious days when those calm sounds fell on my childish ears," while Froude would be up and doing. He roused his friend from reflection. They landed at Zante at nightfall. "When we rose this morning, raining as it was, the view, which the night had hidden, was so lovely, that we deplored our fate which hindered our seeing the place to more advantage." For an hour or two they landed at Patras, then in "the wildest anarchy, swarming by land and sea with bandits and pirates".[1]

"The chain of Parnassus rises before us, shrouded with clouds. . . . High snowy mountains, black rocks, brownish cliffs. . . . The sunset most wild. . . ." Corfu he found "very picturesque" with numerous churches "in the Venetian style". He wrote to Mrs. Bowden of "the superb waters, the bold black heights of the island itself and the range of Albanian mountains (unusually snow-capt), part of it 100 miles off, and yet looking so clear that you seemed able almost to touch them". They had twenty and thirty miles of riding on good roads. It was "an overpowering thought that all looked precisely the same in the times of Homer and Thucydides, as being stamped with the indelible features of the everlasting hills".[2] He has the mythical Virgil, too, in his pocket.

In this interesting voyage he never saw Athens or Constantinople, but what he had seen sufficed for a description of the Peloponnesian waters, not easily matched, and showing how that "delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive till the olive forgot its monotony and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beach of the Umbrian hills," while "the dark, violet billows with

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 315, 367.

[2] *Ibid.* 316, 324, 320, *Letter* of 20th January, 1833.

their white edges down below . . . those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks . . . slowly rise aloft like spirits from the deep, then shiver and break and spread and shroud themselves and disappear in a soft mist of foam . . . the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery as they resound upon the hollow shore," with "the graceful outline and golden hue of the jutting crags . . . the bold shadows cast from Otus and Laurium by the declining sun".[1]

An imaginary agent's report from a London firm is a contrast: "Climate mild, hills limestone, good marble plentiful, more pasture than expected on first survey, fisheries productive, silver mines once but long since worked out, figs fair, oil first rate, olives in profusion": the beauty of the prospect "not valued . . . even at a low figure".

Leaving the Ionian Islands, after a look-in at a cosmopolitan ball at the Palace, the party returned to Malta. Again in quarantine, "One soon gets accustomed to this"; wrote Mr. Newman, "nobody touches nobody". The Archdeacon and Hurrell took to drawing and painting, while their friend hired a bad violin that "sounds grand in such spacious halls".[2]

[1] *Historical Sketches*, iii. 21.

[2] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 332. He also wrote *The Call of David* (*lxiii. Verses*), in the nervous, condensed style, steely and precise, of the *Dream of Gerontius*. Nothing is more noticeable, nothing has been less noticed among the poems of this period. Here are twelve lines:—

Two-fold praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness;

The ship *Hermes* left them for good, 12 January, 1833. "I saw it go off with strange feelings," wrote Mr. Newman. "I had been securely conveyed in it for five weeks, during which time I had never once slept ashore. It was a kind of home; it had taken me up from England, and it was going back there. I shall never take a voyage again." Mr. Newman had by this time completed fifty-four "Patriarchal Sonnets," and is "not anxious to do any more". With the ship in the offing, he saw "no tie remaining between England and (himself) nor any assignable path by which (he) can get back". He thought of Oxford and Littlemore on a Sunday and contrasted the "quiet and calm" there with the "exciting religion" around. Released from the Lazaretto, Mr. Newman found St. John's, Malta, "in richness and exactness, minuteness and completeness of decoration, far exceeding anything" he had "ever seen".[1]

At length the party left Malta aboard a Glasgow steamboat, *San Francisco*, for Messina and Palermo.

> Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
> Dizzied faith and guilt and woe;
> Loftiest aims by earth defil'd,
> Gleams of wisdom sin-beguil'd,
> Sated powers' tyrannic mood,
> Counsels shar'd with men of blood,
> Sad success, parental tears,
> And a dreary gift of years.

There is the same ring about the *Daniel* of Froude (*Lyra*, *xxxv.*), whose "every line instinctively sings and flies" (Guiney's *Froude*, 109).

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 331, 338, 336. He found Italian a very easy language, "and if here a few months could easily master it," to talk, but "qy. the use". He knew, "to read a good deal" (*Ib.*, 373, 312).

They mounted for a view of the Straits at Messina, and in a day or two reached the capital's "majestical bay".[1]

Three days at Palermo enabled them to visit the ruined and desolate Egesta, "a wonderful sight, . . . strange from the position of the town, its awful desolateness, the beauty of the scenery, rich even in winter. . . . Palermo is far richer and finer than Messina, some of the Churches are magnificent. . . . It lies in a splendid bay of bold mountains, snow-capped in part. . . . The whole scenery is wild and fearful. . . . Far on the left you see Etna, a mass of white with a small cloud above its summit." The people wretched, "the children as if they did not know what fresh air was, . . . what water was".[2] But he always said, "I never lost anything in Sicily".

> So let the cliffs and seas of this fair place
> Be nam'd man's tomb and splendid record-stone,
> High hope, pride-stained, the course without the prize.[3]

II.—Rome and the Two Sicilies.

Steamer to Naples at the wrong season—Rome—St. Peter's "worth all the classics"—Prayer at Frascati to Our Lady—Visit to Vesuvius and unearthed cities—Parting from friends—Return to Naples—Salerno—Amalfi, "beautifully cool and sweet"—Cumae—Sailing-boat *Serapis* to Messina—Sicily, an Eden in spring—Taormina, worthy of "seraph's eyes"—An early essay round the Isle of Wight—Dissuasion from snowy Etna—Catania—An open boat to Syracuse—Contrary winds—Return to Catania, by sea and sand—Illness begins—Into the middle of the Island—Leonforte—

[1] We are given a dinner's course below: cheese, pickles, anchovies, raw sausages and mule's flesh, soup, boiled meat, fish, cauliflower, fowl, pastry, dessert. "You are never helped twice. I see now the meaning of the English phrase, 'cut and come again'."

[2] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 347, 346, 352.

[3] *Messina, lxxi. Verses.*

Failure to reach Girgenti—Laying up at Castro Giovanni—Recovery at Palermo—The Cathedrals there, and at Mon Reale—How to get back—Boarding a sailing-boat—*Lead, kindly Light*, on "the cool, translucent, glassy wave"—Marseilles and Notre Dame de la Garde—End of the voyage, 27th June, 1833—Conclusion.

By a third steamer, on the 14th of February, 1833, the voyagers reached Naples, to Newman "essentially a watering-place, and more like Brighton than any place I know". Of course, Newman knew it had a "delightful climate in its season," but now "the wind ever blows, rain is always falling, the streets are most dangerously greasy . . . you are sure to be run over—boys are ever picking your pockets, and the hills . . . are ugly and flat-topped. Vesuvius is graceful . . . but all this is nothing to Corfu." Naples' colouring had not come yet, but "a variable, capricious, stormy, and miserable climate," with "mud and water pouring from the houses". Palermo Bay, too, had the preference to poor Naples' "lumpish cliffs like bolsters". Even Grecian views were "choked up with mountains," whereas in Sicily there were "ample plains". "I like an extensive view with tracts bold and barren in it; such as Beethoven's music seems to represent." But Naples' ices! and the superb cakes!—"like eating ambrosia"—made some amends. For him, Naples' true beauty was the neighbourhood; Salerno, that made him "full of silent not talkative delight," Amalfi, "beautifully cool and sweet," Pompeii, Cumae, Sibyl's grotto, to say nothing in detail of a difficult, painful descent, as far as he could go, into the crater of Vesuvius, "the most wonderful sight I have seen abroad". The country-folk were "strong and handsome" here, "so neat and clean," and gave him "a very pleasant impression of the peasantry". His

raillery, nevertheless, tells us that "he had learned thus much by travelling, to think all places much the same, which I had no notion of before"; the buried cities unearthed near Naples, that did not "move him," proved that "the ancients used portable stoves and ate cake". He did "not wish to see Epaminondas or Cocles". He believed "them to be ordinary mortals". They went to the opera.[1]

At Rome, alas, the travellers missed seeing Old St. Paul's, burnt down some ten years before, but in St. Peter's, "a prodigious size. Everything is so bright and clean, and the Sunday kept so decorously". "St. Peter's," declared Froude, architect and mathematician, "is the great attraction of Rome, worth all the classics put together." They ascended to the ball above St. Peter's dome without venturing up the ladder outside to the cross.[2] What struck Mr. Newman most were the abundant water in the streets and the fountains (not so numerous now), as well as the mosaics; "the fountains in the great Bernini piazza, taking the form of a graceful white lady, arrayed in the finest, most silvery of dresses"; the mosaics ranging from a *Transfiguration* "to a Lilliput St. Peter's on a brooch".

Rome grew to Mr. Newman "more wonderful" every day. The ancient ruins and inscriptions awakened anger, the Greek Apollo Belvidere was "overpowering," the Raphael expression "unearthly". Rome, too, was

[1] As to theatre-going, he thought it for himself, a stranger, "allowable—so far as merely going to *see the place* . . . if I *frequented it*—then it would be a different matter" (Mozley, *Corr.* i. 384, 337, 354-5, 357-8, 372-4. See also hereon Pascal's *Pensées*, ed. Molinier, tr. K. Paul, 1889, 248).

[2] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 355, 381. Guiney's *Froude*, 99.

the city of Apostles, Martyrs, and Saints; particular note was taken of the Catacombs; of "the arena where Ignatius suffered"; of St. Gregory the Great's Church; and "all the other sights which have stolen away half my heart". He is overwhelmed with the "awfulness" of Rome; he thinks it "one of the most delightful residences imaginable," and he is "in the city to which England owes the blessings of the Gospel". His liking and disliking are alike very intense.[1] At Frascati "the pilgrim pale," in prayer to our Lord asked that our Lady's "smile severely sweet" might rest upon him, and later on asked, when he came to die, that among other blessings he might beneath his

> Mother's smile recline;
> And prayers sustain my labouring breath
> From out her sacred shrine.[2]

The visit to the Eternal City, however, forms no real part of the Mediterranean voyage, now to be resumed by Mr. Newman alone.

The Froudes left for Hyères roadstead; for half an hour he repented that he had left them, and visited Santa Maria in Cosmedin.[3] Twenty-nine hours saw him back at Naples; his objective Sicily once more.

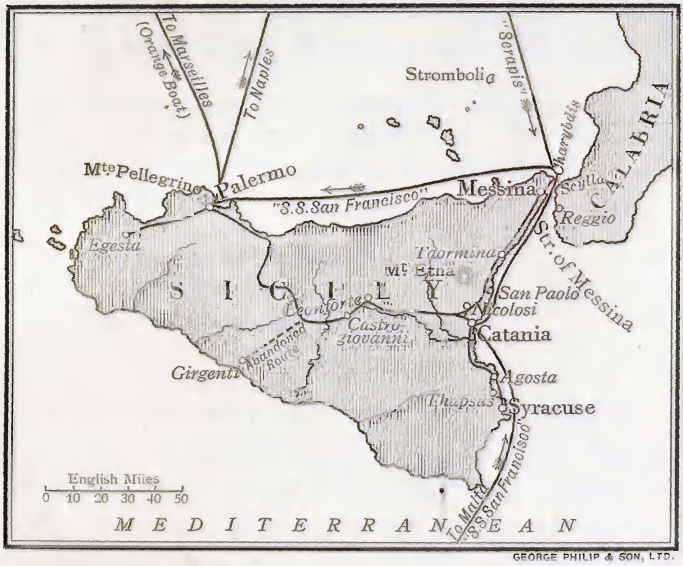
Spring there, he imagined to be "the nearest approach to Paradise". "The seas and cliffs of this fair place"[4] had, to his cost, gained the day. So he stepped aboard a Great Yarmouth merchantman, the sailing ship *Serapis*, for Messina. Then, as chief of a small "cavalcade" (a servant and muleteers), he went

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 359-60, 370, 375-6, 385.

[2] *Temptation, lxxiv. Verses,* not in *Lyra. Hora Novissima, cv. Verses.*

[3] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 383.

[4] *Messina, lxxi. Verses.*



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PARTICULAR ROUTE IN SICILY

by land to Catania. At San Paolo, the riding party put up for the night at an excellent inn. Between five and six next morning there was a twelve-mile walk, before breakfast, to Taormina, which "realized all one had read in books about scenery—a deep valley, brawling streams, beautiful trees, the sea (heard) in the distance. But when after breakfast, on a bright day, we mounted to the theatre, and saw the famous view, what shall I say? . . ." In his sailing-boat near Syracuse he said :—

> Say hast thou track'd a traveller's round,
> Nor visions met thee there,
> Thou couldst but marvel to have found
> This blighted world so fair!
>
> And feel an awe within thee rise,
> That sinful man should see
> Glories far worthier Seraph's eyes
> Than to be shar'd by thee? [1]

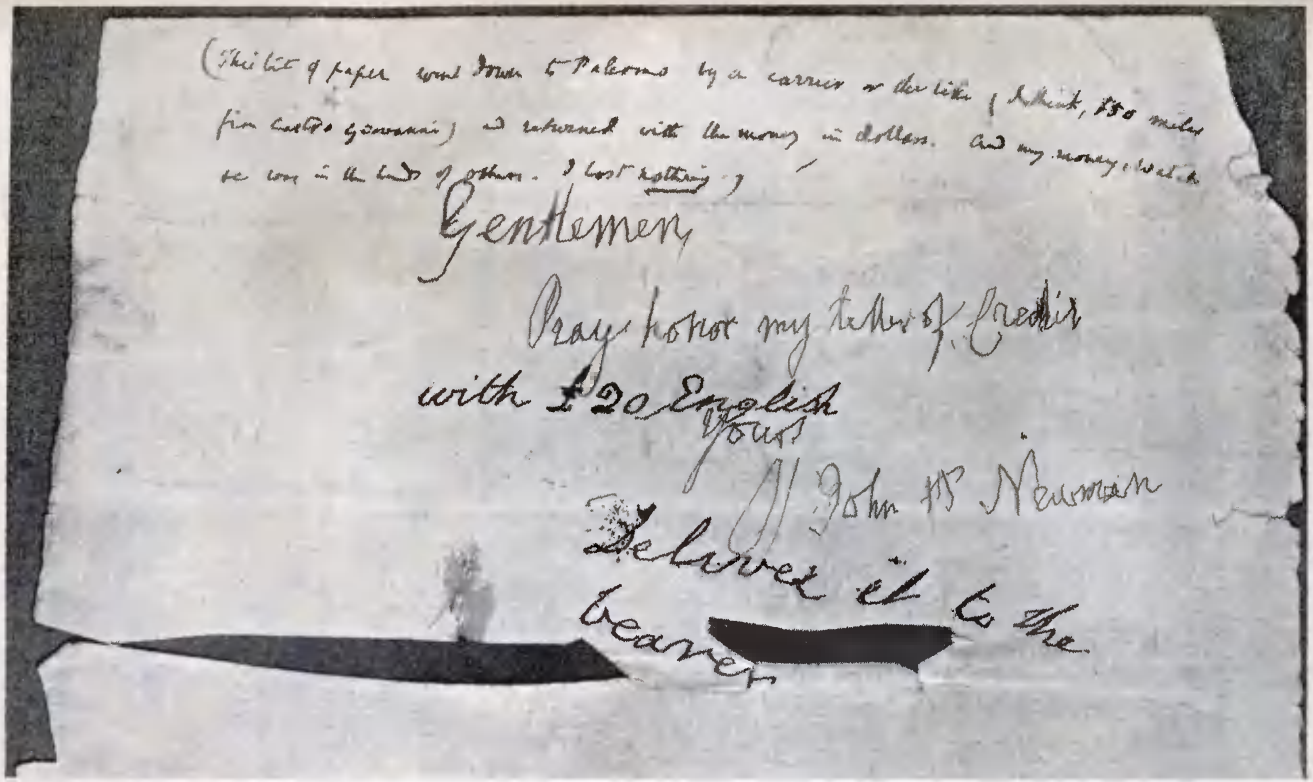
From Nicolosi's miserable inn, "with one window and no glass, three doors with planks gaping to the external air," he had a mind to ascend Etna, some twenty-two miles in all, with some of the spirit of that adventure when, as a boy of fifteen, "he tried to go round the Isle of Wight in an open boat in the midst of a persevering drizzle and a dangerous sea," [2] but he had strained himself in walking, his servant was tired, and the Visitors' Book had an entry, "Have been a fool in coming, do not be twice a fool in going up".

A second expedition, still southwards, from Catania to Syracuse was started in an open boat, thirty-five feet

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 397. *Taormina, lxxvii. Verses.*

[2] *Ibid.* i. 399. *Letter* of 25 August, 1847, to Mr. Capes: "My fate is to bring bad weather," etc., and Mozley, *Corr.* i. 101.

long with an awning, but a contrary wind, a hot *scirocco* from Africa, forced him to land and sleep in the boat and hoist sail again at midnight. From Syracuse he visited the magnificent Temple of Minerva and the columns of Jupiter. Unable, despite traveller's attire, to be *incognito*, he was drawn into a reception, held after a Russian Consul's daughter's wedding. Returning for Catania, a contrary wind now blew from the north. Again he had to sleep in the boat, and landed next morning at Agosta, rode twenty-eight miles, half the way in deep sand, forded three rivers, and arrived at Catania by midnight. It was now damp, the day had been "broiling," and he had had little or nothing to eat, and felt a fever coming on. The eve of May-day, he "struck into the middle of the island"; the next day he had to lie down; on 2nd May he went with difficulty forty-two miles to Leonforte. He was laid up at the inn three days. Nothing daunted, he set off for Girgenti, but at the seventh mile put up in a cabin. A doctor helped him on to Castro-Giovanni. Many were succumbing; he did not think he would die; with self-reproaches; "loving" if not "possessing" truth; "some faith"; not "sinning against the light"; he "had a most consoling, overwhelming thought of God's electing love". After eleven days he started afresh, on Whitsun-eve, doing sixty-three miles one day, arriving at Palermo 27 May. "I travelled through an exquisitely beautiful country, part of it . . . by night. My joy was too great . . . spring in its greatest luxuriance . . . strange trees, very steep and high hills; mountains in the distance; a profusion of aloes along the road. Such bright colouring—all in tune with my reviving life." His servant, Gennaro, unable to read or write but "very sharp-witted and ready,"



(This bit of paper went down to Palermo by a carrier or the like (I think, 150 miles from Castro Giovanni) and returned with the money in dollars. And my money, watch, &c was in the hands of others. I lost nothing.)

Gentlemen,

Pray honor my letter of Credit

with £20 English

Yours

J. John H. Newman

Deliver it to the

bearer [redacted]

A Request from Castro-Giovanni, 1833.

whilom a Neapolitan sailor, then a campaigner in the Peninsular War, had been "a treasure".[1] In a memorandum of 1850, he writes :—

"While I waited at Palermo the difficulty was *how* to get to England. At this time it appeared as if the shortest way would be going back to Naples and Rome." Meanwhile, in the Sicilian capital, waiting three weeks for a boat, he writes :—

> I almost fainted with the long delay
> That tangles me within this languid bay.

"I used to go on the water every day, and that set me up. I composed a *Lyra* every day. I went to the Monte Pellegrino, I went to the Hydra cave," etc. Though not attending any services, as before with the Froudes, he writes in verse of the Church's

> unvaried watch and varied round
> Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home,
> I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
> But the wide porch invites to still retreats . . .
> There on a foreign shore,
> The homesick solitary finds a friend. . . .[2]

[1] Mozley, *Corr.* i. 416, 407-8, 427 ; *Apologia*, etc.

[2] MS. note, 22nd September, 1850, discussing routes, etc., "These tables are connected with this idea, I believe". *The Solitary* "is not English," De Quincey on *The Excursion*. *The Good Samaritan*, *lxxxviii. Verses*. Here, at Palermo, it was that he addressed those who would "halve the Gospel of God's Grace," and, "At best, are doubters whether it be true" :—

> O new-compass'd art
> Of the ancient Foe!—but what if it extends
> O'er our own camp, and rules among our friends?
> —*Liberalism*, *lxxxiii. Verses*.

Thirty-five years later he was objecting to a "garbled" Christianity

The Cathedrals of Palermo, and especially Mon Reale, on the way to Egesta, were quite to his liking. The latter was his ideal for an Oratory. "And in my weary days at Palermo I was not ungrateful for the comfort I had received, in frequenting the churches," he wrote, "nor did I ever forget it."[1]

At last he stepped aboard an orange sailing-boat for the Gulf of Lyons. On the 16th June, the Feast Day of St. Francis Regis, "in the sun off Sardinia,"[2] "as he loiters within Simon's walls, hard by the barren sea"[3] on "the cool, translucent, glassy wave," he wrote *Light in the Darkness*, or the *Grace of Congruity*, or the *Pillar of the Cloud*, otherwise *Lead, kindly Light*. He has said the lines are "not a hymn nor are they suitable for singing," but few lines have been oftener sung in English-speaking lands. The next day he wrote *Samaria*, a view of the Church of England's position taken up a second time so many years later, at the end of 1841.[4]

The chequered Mediterranean voyage was over on the 27th of June, 1833, at Marseilles, with a notion at starting that it was to end the near side of Easter, instead of

in just the same way. (See *An Internal Argument for Christianity*, *Month*, June, 1866, *Discussions and Arguments*, art. vi., a review of Seeley's *Ecco Homo*.) So again in another piece that tells us, "Each stands alone . . . has his private thought, selects his school, Conceals his creed" (*The Religion of Cain*, *xcvi. Verses*), etc., there is an agreement of thought with the *biglietto* speech of 1879.

[1] *Apologia*, ed. 1864, 126; 1890, 54.

[2] *Letter* to Mr. Capes, August, 1850.

[3] *Church in Prayer*, *ci. Verses*.

[4] See *Verses on Religious Subjects*. Dublin, Duffy, 1853. *Familiaribus suis nugarum seriarum scriptor*, with an advertisement: "The following compositions are selected from a larger number and have nearly all of them already been put into print," etc.; also Aglionby's *Edward H. Bickersteth*, 198; *Apologia*, 264, ed. 1864.

being twice its intended length. With the *cumulo-stratus* of fair weather, there had been at times a *cirrus* threatening foul—at times a stormy sky in contrast with the blue empyrean of the Two Sicilies. By parting from his friend at Rome for the sake of a second visit to a lovely island, Newman deemed he had suffered in his "glorious" Sicily, yet, in all, he saw that

> o'er the elements
> One Hand alone,
> One Hand has sway.[1]

That

> this earth He trod
> To teach thee He was ever nigh,

"whether by slumber bound" or journeying "to Emmaus,"

> Or on a voyage when calms prevail,
> And prison thee upon the sea,
> He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
> The shore is gain'd and thou art free,[2]

free, after reaching his mother's house, 9 July, 1833, with a rebound to health that astonished every one, for the work he deemed he had to do in England.[3]

[1] *The Elements, cxii. Verses.* [2] *Desolation, xciv. Verses.*

[3] His fellow-voyager, Froude, died some two and a half years later, and is mourned by him in twelve lines, appended to his poem on the *Separation of Friends* that, like Wordsworth's exquisite verse [on Coleridge] in a copy of *The Castle of Indolence*, are among the few additions that equal or surpass the originals in their beauty, Appendix VI.

> Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
> All questioning, and raise
> Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well.
> And turning prayer to praise,
> And other secrets, too, he could declare,
> By patterns all divine,

That work meant opposing to mere "speculations," of which he "had a life-long disgust," "carefully argued theories or doctrines"[1] in face of vague propositions, misleading shibboleths and party cries; in an age, too, of intellectualism, materialism, and agnosticism, acknowledging natural good but not supernatural, with a shadow of one of the three theological virtues in an extended beneficence—a religion of Humanity; an age when Martha—it cannot be done—must be made "busy" over "many things" of no use to her, so that she ceases to be Martha, and Mary likewise, with gradual loss of that "better part," since it is—but she knows better—an insoluble mystery; an age attacking, or oftener ignoring, dogmatic belief, while extolling the scientific progress foreseen by Friar Bacon and Lord Verulam; an age recognizing a First Cause in a sort of Athenian Unknowable with inability to attain definite news of a Hereafter. There was no Divine Revelation, but an Agnosticism not new; Pascal, for one, complaining of it in his day: "Such rest in ignorance is a monstrous thing. . . . I know not, say they".[2] And that mariner would seem bound for a hostile port on a "calamitous sea" in life's voyage to the "harbour of quietness and tranquillity,"[3] who weighed anchor, after

His earthly creed re-touching here and there,
  And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak as I to know,
  And yet we both refrain.
It were not good, a little doubt below,
  And all will soon be plain.—*Verses cxv.*

[1] *Letter* to T. Arnold, 11 October, 1862.
[2] Molinier's *Pensées*, tr. C. K. Paul, 10.
[3] *Prayer* of Baronius to St. Philip Neri.

discharging Faith, Hope, and Charity for a cargo of personal opinion, expectation of a good time, and re-distribution of property all round. So with him who parted Faith from Works—the World, or Political State,—partly by confiscating (it has been done) what was not left for solely secular, or humanitarian purposes, —taking over the latter altogether here, Belief in a hereafter, if any, to shift for itself. Such parting company would be to shipwreck the Barque of any Faith in a Divine Saviour Who "went about doing good"; any Hope of a future happiness in Heaven; *any Charity for God as well as Man.*

And admiration at His Creation is not enough. Token of His Presence still leaves room for Supernatural Belief in Him, Expectation of a Future with Him, Love for Him and His, Grace sustaining Nature herein. These and many other religious thoughts, diversely expressed, accompany the Mediterranean Voyage of 1833.

1911-16.

APPENDICES.

I.

Page 31.

1. *A Collection of Hymns in use at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham.* Lander, Powell & Co., 1850, with Appendix and Additional Hymns (4 pp.), containing 94 hymns, original and translated, of Fr. Caswall, and the *Litanies of Our Lady and the Saints.*

2. *Oratory Hymn Book Tunes*, arranged by W. Pitts. Novello, London.

3. *A Hymn Book for the use of the Birmingham Oratory.* Dublin, Duffy, 1854; reprinted there by Fowler, 1857; at Birmingham by Hodgetts, 1862; by Kelly, 1869; in London by Pickering, 1875 and 1888. Differently numbered from the 1850 Book, that of 1854 contains 32 hymns by Fr. Caswall; 17 by Fr. Faber; 14 by Fr. Newman.

These 14 are: *All is divine which the highest has made* (31); *Framer of the earth and sky* (78); *Green are the leaves and sweet the flowers* (33); *Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made* (76); *I ask not for fortune and silken attire* (54); *On northern coast our lot is cast* (50); *The Angel lights of Christmas morn* (63); *The holy monks conceal'd from men* (51); *The one true Faith the ancient Creed* (56), not in the collected *Verses on Various Occasions*; *The red sun is gone, Thou light of the heart* (81); *There sat a Lady* (38); *This is the Saint of gentleness and kindness* (49); *Thou champion high of Heaven's glorious Bride* (41); *Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine* (67); and, in the Appendices, *Praise to the holiest*, making fifteen (1888), but the newly numbered 1905 Book, by omitting No. 31, has reduced the number to fourteen. By 1888 the pieces were:

42 by Fr. Caswall (Nos. 5, 8-11, 13, 15-19, 21-8, 33-6, 40, 42-3, 47-8, 62, 64, 79, 80, 116, 118, 121, 134, 143-5, 147-9); 31 by Fr. Faber (1, 3, 4, 12, 14, 29, 30, 37, 44-5, 52-3, 55, 57, 61, 65, 73, 83, 85, 115, 119-20, 124-5, 127-9, 137-8, 141); 2 by Fr. F. Stanfield, 123 (*O Sacred Heart, our home lies deep in Thee*), 126 (*Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus*), an evening hymn of great beauty; and one each by Fr. Bittleston, 39 (*Daily, daily*), the second part by Fr. Caswall, 40; Fr. Christie, S.J., 122 (*To Jesus' heart all burning*); Fr. Vaughan, C.SS.R., 130 (*God of mercy and compassion*); Bishop Chadwick, 131 (*Jesus, my God, behold at length the time*); Dr. Lingard, 20 (*Hail, Queen of Heaven*); 26 Latin hymns, and Litanies of Our Lady and St. Philip.

II.

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The two Books of Tunes, 82 in number, are in blue card paper covers, bound outside by black linen and printed in 1860 (Robson, London) to correspond, in the number of tunes with the 82 hymns of the 1854 Book. One book has the tune only, to a single verse, with the exception of No. 41, the Cardinal's *St. Michael*, No. 54, his *St. Philip and the Poor* (*I ask not for fortune*), and No. 67, his *Sacrifice* (*The Two Worlds*), all given in full. The second book has no words, but slight accompaniments only, with occasional references to *Burns' Easy Hymn Tunes*. *Rosa Mystica* (32), *Green are the leaves*, has a tune taken from a forgotten Polish opera *Lagienka*; *The Infant Jesus* (6),

In Bethlehem town, they lay Him down,
Within a place obscure,
O little Bethlehem, poor in walls,
But rich in furniture

(unique description of the Holy Family); *Philip and his penitents* (*Sweet St. Philip*); *Eternity* (*How canst thou bear the Cross*); *Death* (*O fair Jerusalem*); and *Dawn* (*Framer of the earth and sky*), are set to Beethoven; *Regina sine labe* (*Hail, Queen of the Heavens*) and *Pilgrimage* (*My rest is in Heaven*), to Mozart; *Morning* (*Now with the rising golden dawn*) is from a Protestant chant; *To Zion's walls* and *Stella Matutina* (*Gentle star of ocean*), are from Morant; *The Holy Name* (*Jesus, the only thought of Thee*), by Richardson, and so on.

Immaculate by Fr. Faber is not in the Birmingham book, it has been decried—apparently because half the first line sounds ill! Yet it remains the Hymn of the Immaculate Conception, the author's text and the composer's tune compelling admiration. Comparatively few hymns seem needed for a working book. *Hymns, Ancient and Modern* has become, the scholarly *Arundel Hymns* is, an Anthology.

III.

Page 46.

Lead, kindly Light has been set by A. Allen, Canon Ballantyne-Dykes, Sir J. Barnby, T. W. Barth, Rev. Earle-Bulwer, J. A. Gardner, Archdeacon Gardiner (MS. adaptation from Schumann's Faust, Part II), C. T. Gatty, Dr. A. R. Gaul, Sir W. Hamilton, and W. Hume, Mrs. Harvey (M. A. Wood), H. C. Layton (with 'cello, string quartet, clarinets, and bassoons), Dr. G. A. Macfarren, Dr. C. J. B. Meacham, W. Nicholson (lithographed), J. Otter, F. G. Pincott, C. Pinsuti, D. Pughe-Evans, J. W. R. (MS.), Sir A. Sullivan, Katherine Rowley, A. Somervell, J. Tilleard, F. Tozer (organ or harmonium, *ad lib.*), W. H. Walter, Dr. S. S. Wesley, three anonymous composers (one to "Chatsworth"

tune, one in MS., one do., Jan. 1871). Mr. Rowton had in mind to set the *Dream*. Dvorak was given a German version of it. Sir E. Elgar finally undertook it. E. W. (MS.) has set *Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul*; Canon Ballantyne-Dykes, A. Somervell, Rev. C. E. Butler, and Maria Tiddeman (MS.), *Praise to the Holiest*, from the *Dream*; *Warnings* is anonymous from the *Lyra Apostolica* (MS.); Dr. Macfarren set a duet, *O God, who canst not change* (breviary tr.); R. S., *All is Divine which the Highest hast made* (MS.); W. Sewell, *Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made*; Anonymous, *The Pilgrim Queen*; *There sat a Lady*; E. Bellasis, *The Haven*, *Consolation*, *Waiting for the morning*, *The Two Worlds*, *The Watchman*, and *Heathen Greece*. There is a sequel to the *Lead—The night is gone*, by John Brown of York, and the Cardinal refers, 15 May, 1859, to Sir W. Cope's setting words of his to music. Dr. J. W. Taylor (MS.) set *Candlemas*.

6 April, 1872: "I should like to have the music to which you have set my *Consolation*".

3 November, 1879, on the same: "I little thought how much honour, and how long ago, you had done my verses. I will get a songster as soon as ever I can."

29 April, 1880, as to *The Two Worlds*, sung to him 19 Dec. 1880, and 9 July, 1882, and as to printing what he deemed "better than my words": "I gladly accept from you so welcome a compliment as you propose".

21 Feb. 1881: "By all means print *Waiting for the morning*, if nothing stands in the way of what I think a great compliment".

26 April, 1882: "I have had your music to the *Two Worlds* for some days past, lamenting and lamenting that I have no means of getting it sung, and now I get your letter increasing my lament inasmuch as my eyes are not strong enough to master its contents. . . . I am continually asked by Protestants and Catholics to give permission to them to print in their collections, or to set to music particular poems,

and I commonly give leave up to six sets of Verse. As for you, you may use as many sets as you please."

15 May, 1885, as to *The Watchman*, deemed "well suited to the words": "I ought before now to have thanked you for your music—and I have been trying, not successfully as yet, to get Mr. Alleguen to sing it with accompaniments from your brothers". It may be added he thought *Heathen Greece* "original" in the section, "What is Afric?"

N.B.—The Cardinal at Oxford possessed a flute which he lent in exchange for a Foster viola. Each owner went his way, and never meeting again, neither could return their respective properties.

On Easter Day, 1889, a suggestion from some of us that we should play him some music, elicited, "I am getting past that now".

IV.

Page 47.

Faint not and fret not for threaten'd woe,
  Watchman on Truth's grey height,
Few tho' the faithful, fierce tho' the foe,
  Our weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
  Ill-fitted pair unite;
Some work for love, and some work for hire,
  But weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Eli's feebleness, Saul's black wrath,
  May aid Ahitophel's spite,
And prayers from Gerizim, and curses from Gath—
  Our weakness shall prove Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
  Be there no friend in sight;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
  When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Moses was one, but he stay'd the sin
  Of the host in the Presence bright,
And Elias scorn'd the Carmel din,
  When Baal would match Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
  And one is the Infinite;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
  For scantness is aye Heaven's might.

V.

Page 68.

"I declare, to me, nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses for ever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words, it is a great action, the greatest action that is on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon. . . . Quickly

they pass for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud calling on the Name of the Lord, as he passed by, 'the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth'. And as Moses on the mountain so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore'. So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent 'waiting for the moving of the water'. Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation—not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men and simple labourers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and scope of it."—*Loss and Gain*, 327-9, 11th ed.

VI.

Page 112.

From "Stanzas in my pocket-copy of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*," 1802, by Wordsworth. (Poems founded on the Affections.) [Coleridge.]

A noticeable Man with large grey eyes
And a pale face that seem'd undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy,
Profound his forehead was, tho' not severe;
Yet some did think that he had little business there.
Sweet heaven forfend! his was a lawful right;
Noisy he was and gamesome as a boy.
His limbs would toss about him with delight,
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.
Nor lack'd his calmer hours device or toy
To banish listlessness and irksome care.

VII.

NOTANDA.

1. p. 7. Dec. 1888. He had not voted for John Keble as Provost of Oriel. Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men.*

2. pp. 55, 73. 27 Sept. 1890. Fr. Neville said the Cardinal regretted that he had never asked his mother questions about his family history. None of them went into it, being interested in other things. But he went himself to Norfolk, whence his own family came, and started some searches in registers there. His father's mother lived at Putney, and at times he used to go there. He refers to an aunt in *Verses*, "All six she lov'd them all".[1] In the afternoon I went with Fr. Neville to see F. Verheyden's bust of the Cardinal from a photograph, and an able work, at his studio, Hereford Gardens, Albert Bridge Road, S.W. We then took train from Glo'ster Road to Richmond, thence a cab to Ham Fields, crossing some of these and so down Sandy Lane into Ham

[1] To F. W. Newman on his coming of age.—Mozley, *Corr.* i. 91.

Street. On the left at a corner was Grey Court, a nice Georgian brick house, with a pillar, two arches, and a staircase running leftwards inside, a turret, a garden, and a paddock, where children could lose themselves outside. Here "the Padre" lived when a child in the early part of last century, about 1804 and onwards till the family, removing to Lombard Street, resided for a while (Fr. Neville) at the Bank premises, when vacated by Mr. Newman's partner. There was no sign of a children's swing (*see Historical Sketches, III*); a spruce fir had been cut down, alas!—since Fr. Neville's visit by himself in 1884, the stump alone remaining—but the plane tree, which was later on photographed for my companion, stood as grandly as ever. An old gardener here, aged 88, had died two years ago. Our visit over, we walked down to Twickenham Ferry, the evening beautiful, with a rising harvest moon. Fr. Neville, who hailed from Ulster, "never thought of himself" when his brethren were "in question," and, as one of them said, "he was ever a hero to his own" community.

3. p. 64. That purse, so generous with its five pounds, is recalled since 7 April, 1887, when with a "Come with me lest I forget, and I will pay you what I owe," he led the way by the direct stairs to his room, and produced there, after dinner and during recreation time, a red silk purse with a sort of band, —one sovereign at one end, and seven shillings at the other, which one helped him to release therefrom—the precise sum, so it happened, for an *Apologia* obtained from Longmans and his subscription to *Westmorland Church Notes*. We then returned down what he likened to "a ladder".

4. pp. 70, 87. The Rev. John T. Walford, S.J., M.A. Camb. (King's College), has rendered the *Lead* into graceful Latin. In sending him a second version, and a small account of "Chinese" Gordon, the Cardinal wrote in March, 1884: "Thank you for your penny Life of Gen. Gordon, and pray express to Mr. (I can't recollect his name) my acknowledgments for his courtesy in sending me the translation of the *Lead*, etc. Both writer and sender do me honour."

5. p. 74. It may be added with regard to a project carried out, for transmitting Catholic authors' works from England to Leo XIII, who was, in a definite sense, a judge of books, the Cardinal did not like his own being sent. Besides the Catholic works without, as he said, *imprimatur*, they included *The Prophetical Office*, one of his five "constructive books" (*Justification*, *Development*, the *Idea*, and the *Grammar* being the four others), and this, as he writes, had "come to pieces," and was only reissued at all, like other lesser things, with footnotes to show how the *Lectures* in Adam de Brome's dark chapel ran counter to his present opinions. Even the *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, and those on *Subjects of the Day* were not re-edited by himself.

6. p. 76. To a young ecclesiastic's remark that he had never read any novels, his diocesan, a Cardinal, replied: "I wish I could say the same. What a future would lie before me."

7. p. 84. On finishing Millais said: "I am going to say what they say to children, count twenty and you may go". When counted, the Cardinal, on the little dais, which the painter called an eminence: "Quite sure you don't want another twenty?" Millais: "No, I am done now".

8. p. 84. 7 April, 1887, 1 p.m. After a while he adverted to a trade circular he held in hand, which had the word "immense" six times, and the free phrase, "a going concern". Could it have subscribers and be anything else? "Precisely. Some of my works, I suppose, are more of a 'going concern' than others." And the C.T.S. "was to become a sort of Christian Knowledge Society (S.P.C.K.) as now established". This last was at first "but a dull affair, but it now included a variety of works. . . . One set of my writings were kindly printed off by the late Duke of Norfolk, and the lectures on Catholicism . . . my own property, are sold at the doors for a penny or so." As to the point of orders having been already dealt with. "Yes, but nothing so good as your father's

pamphlet," and advocated a reprint, since undertaken with Dom Breen, O.S.B.'s *addendum*.

9. p. 91. Fr. Neville, in corroboration as to the Cardinal's converse: "When at his ease and with one or two friends, he would flow out with unusual ease". 13 Nov. 1887.

10. p. 93. Among the myths may be noted: 1. That Cardinal Newman and Lord Beaconsfield, as children, played together in Bloomsbury Square—corrected by Mr. R. H. Hutton. 2. That he was not at home to Mr. Manning, at Littlemore, after a certain sermon, but only technically so, when (Fr. Neville) he was really out. 3. That he was at Cardinal Wiseman's funeral, looking about and out of line, but he was not there. 4. That he had started his school to feed Oxford, which was untrue. 5. That the illustration of the Society of Jesus as a "preservative addition" (6th Test of the true development of an idea) in the 1845 edition of *Development* (pp. 432-3) is omitted in that of 1878 (R. H. Hutton's *Cardinal Newman*, l. 8, p. 184, and *Addenda and Corrigenda*); true; but it appears in that re-arranged edition (under the 2nd Test, or 2nd Note of an idea's genuine development, i.e. continuity of principles) at pp. 352-3. Dr. Ryder regretted the re-arrangement. Fr. St. John deemed the Essay the greatest work of the author, who writes in 1846 within a copy: "This is the *philosophical* work of a writer who was *not a Catholic*, and did not pretend to be a *theologian*, addressed to those who were *not Catholics*".

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, ABERDEEN

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